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LONDON SOCIETY ABROAD.



AND where am I? I said to myself, as I opened my eyes from a profound sleep, and found the darkness vanished before the crisp light of the early morning. At first there was a mass of confused images in my mind. Surely not at my own supper-table—nor yet in the packet tossing about the Channel—nor yet rolling through the streets of Paris—nor yet in the Rue Madeleine, calmly

discussing ecclesiastical questions with my poetical and eccentric friend, G. All these were scenes which had followed upon each other in such rapid succession that they might well blend together in almost inextricable confusion. I glanced through the casement, and, lo! the houses were flying, the trees were dancing, the watercourses were vanishing; and then I recollected myself: I was in the night train, and performing the wearisome journey towards the South of France. I was now the only tenant of the comfortable carriage; and I remembered that last night I had 'gone to bed,' so far as circumstances permitted that customary process to be performed, with as little deviation as possible from routine regularity.

I was bound to Basle, and passing through a variety of tunnels, although 'Bradshaw' assures me that there are no tunnels on the *viâ* Mulhouse line. Very weary was I when I arrived at Basle, looked languidly at the cathedral, and did not vouchsafe a recollection to the great ecclesiastical council. How the scene freshened when again I left Basle! That languid, level, monotonous French country was exchanged for the Swiss cottage scene at the Colosseum, only with every dimension and feature multitudinously magnified. That thinly-peopled train was exchanged for the long line of crowded cars where are easily recognized the English speech and the

English laugh. At Alten I saw *en masse* a great quantity of English society abroad. English society abroad was then engaged in the operation of feeding, which was performed with all the national determination of character. There were heaps of overcoats, travelling wrappers, alpenstocks, knapsacks, 'Bradshaws' and 'Murrays' scattered about, to be resumed when the bell should sound. The bell is soon ringing, and a great part of the company are tumultuously making their way to the carriages that are starting for Berne. For myself, I continue my journey to Lucerne, and rest that night by the shores of the most beautiful of inland seas, and beneath the shadow of Mount Pilatus.

I am especially attached to the beauty of lake scenery. With me it is almost a passion. I know the English lakes, the Scottish lakes, the Swiss lakes, and the Italian lakes. I should like to visit the Caspian and Ontario. Especially should I like to see the great inland sea of Africa, Lake Tanganyika, which Lieutenant Burton considers would surpass all classic and Oriental lakes but for the want of gardens and orchards, mosque and kiosk, palace and villa. But, for magazine purposes at least, I must confine myself to the civilized haunts which London Society loves to frequent in its season of travel and relaxation.

Everybody may avoid the mistake of Dr. Martin Farquhar Tupper in giving an account of Everybody's Tour. Let us be supposed to have gained the Alpine heights, and to be descending the soft southern slopes. The Lake of Lucerne, with its sublime bay of Uri, has long been left, and we are now on the margin of an Italian lake.

The scene is the garden of an Italian palace, overhanging waters of intensest blue—a seat belonging to the Prince—. A group of English ladies are examining the aromatic flowers in the shapely vases on the balconies, or admiring the wonderful magnolia, or watching the tall fountain glancing in the sunlight, beneath which the gold and silver fish are playing. Some cavaliers are in attendance, and ano-

ther is approaching through yonder natural arcade of the trellised vines; and I am not sure that the incense of the cigar is not blending with that of the myrtle and the orange-tree. A little apart is a tall, slight, gentlemanly Italian talking to a pensive English girl, who appears to feel the full power of the sweet southern tongue. A Polish count and a German baron are deep in a guttural conversation. A young English student, frank and free, in the third of his glorious long vacations, is descanting, with the natural enthusiasm of a first visit to Italy, on the divine sunset, which makes him allude to the colours of Claude and the poetry of Tasso. A charming widow, whose beautiful face is in strange contrast with her sable dress, is listening to an illustrious artist. Poor dear Leila Gray is not far from her. A grave reviewer and a senior man, it is not necessary that I should talk with the enthusiasm of my Cambridge friend; and engaged as deeply as a man can be, it is only with a mild interest that I can watch the progress of incipient flirtations.

We have seen the garden; and, in contrast with the garden, we have seen a wilderness behind, where a circuitous path conducted us by successive terraces to the bottom of a precipitous gorge. Then we have been into the house and done some pictures and curiosities; and having remunerated the attendants, we prepare to return to get some tea. We are all staying at a palatial hotel on the borders of a beautiful and famous lake. Some of the party are staying there a long time; a few of them *en pension*. Others are only the visitants of a day. But many are the visitants who, struck by the exceeding beauty of the spot, prolong the days into weeks, and the weeks into months. Of this number am I and various others of my friends; and nothing amuses us more than the constant succession of arriving and departing guests. Society south of the Alps varies very greatly from the society which one meets in Switzerland and on the Rhine. You do not meet with that crowd of people who manage

to 'do the tour there and back for a ten-pound note,' as the cheap guide-books assure us it can be done. The visitors are much fewer and of a better class. In fact, the tourists are of a better position in society, and with better means; social intercourse is much more unrestrained; travellers meet together as in a club-room or a drawing-room; and a man, if he chooses, may soon be closely acquainted with those whom he meets. This is very far from being the case in a crowded Swiss hotel, where every Englishman seems to regard a compatriot as a snob until he has proved himself to be a gentleman. Every Englishman, says Novalis, is an island; but nowhere is this insularity of character more conspicuous than among themselves.

When I returned to the hotel and found my way into the vast dining-room, I sat down at one of the many tables waiting for my tea. Here I was joined by a little friend, to whom I shall give the time-honoured name of Tom Noddy. Mr. Noddy was a nice little fellow according to his lights—an amusing retailer of very small talk; and beyond inane attempts to glorify the family of the Noddies ever since they had first settled in the land of Nod—a weakness which we all understood and made allowance for—companionable enough, and even useful. Noddy was a man who did not disdain to be conversational with waiters and couriers; and I presume it was from this that he was always well posted up in the latest items of intelligence that were floating about the hotel. So Noddy mixed himself a glass of sherry-cobbler, and drawing his chair in towards mine, made me the depository of various confidences that were going the round of our circle.

The Marquis of H. and his young bride had arrived only that very afternoon. They had come from Florence, and were going on to Colico. He was not himself acquainted with the marquis, but his lordship's family and his own were very intimate in Anyshire (where Mr. Noddy, senior, was a respectable coal-merchant). The young marchioness had a very pretty face,

quite fit for a Book of Beauty. There was a man, continued my young friend, who had just come in from Zermatt, having walked nearly all the way, and previously having narrowly escaped falling off the summit of Monte Rosa. Sitting at yonder tea-table, and looking very pretty, were two jolly girls, New Yorkers—I am not responsible for my friend's vernacular—who had been as far as the Third Cataract, and had afterwards galloped over a great part of Judea, as far as the Lebanon. Still he thought he preferred Leila Grey to both. He was certain that the baron was paying very close attention to the pretty widow, Mrs. Lisle. Why should her young friend, Miss Grey, have that strange expression—a little wild, a little troubled?

I know the reason well enough, my dear Mr. Noddy, I said to myself; but as I do not wish the young creature to be made an object of general and embarrassing attention from every one, I shall abstain from making you the unfailing advertisement of her secret. For Leila Grey is travelling abroad on a secret mission, which I shall not now fail confidentially to intrust to my reader, although I should hesitate to do so to Mr. Noddy. It is rather a pretty little story, and, *mutatis mutandis*, perfectly true.

Leila Grey and Charles Lorraine were once happy children, little lovers, who played together on the same lawn, and were almost domesticated in the same home. The parents of each were intimate friends; and, indeed, it almost seemed that from time immemorial amity and alliance prevailed between the Greys and the Lorraines. A good opening presenting itself in the Levant trade, Charles Lorraine, when a big boy, found himself settled in a Smyrna house of business, and in the course of a few years a prosperous junior partner. He was really the working and responsible member of the firm, and his business avocations were such that a journey to England, to see his old home and his former playfellow, seemed to be something indefinitely removed into the future. The young man, after the manner of

young men, thought at times of married life, and the image of one particular young lady never failed to preside over his day-dreams.

A bold conception occurred to his mind, which he carried out with brilliant success. It was not difficult to enter into a correspondence with his old friend, Leila Grey. Many letters were exchanged. His own were clever letters, giving lively and accurate accounts of all strange Eastern scenes, frankly talking about himself and his friends, and disclosing many glimpses of his own nature and thoughts, and sending at times a piece of descriptive poetry, at times, perhaps, a rather personal sonnet. She, in return, wrote him the pleasant letters of a ladylike and accomplished English girl; discussed all the English news and all the little home news, so interesting to the absentee, and seeming so frivolous to his friends; spoke to him about her books and her garden, and her class at the Sunday-school; and, like a good girl anxious to do a little good, would at times write a letter about high and holy things.

One day a letter came from her Eastern correspondent which made Leila look very grave. Charles Lorraine merely wanted to marry her as soon as might be. Leila was, of course, a little indignant. She showed the letter to her papa, and also to the mamma of the young gentleman. These worthy people, however, failed to realize the full enormity of the offence. Mrs. Lorraine wished nothing better than that her son should marry so sweet a girl as Leila Grey; and old Mr. Grey declared that the son of his old school and college friend, the kind-hearted neighbour, too, of the years of middle life, had a better claim than any one to his daughter Leila.

Now Leila Grey was a tall, striking girl, with a face that had some substantial claims to the too-easily accorded epithet of beautiful—a face that disclosed some of the liberal share of the poetry and romance that undoubtedly existed in her character. She just remembered young Lorraine as a curly-headed boy, in whose company she used to build her green

palaces in the meadow grass. Of course she wrote to him, saying that she could write to him no more if he continued to talk such nonsense. By-and-by, however, his photograph came over, a very pleasing likeness; and by-and-by, too, her own was sent in exchange.

A woman loves to love, and generally invests her imaginary hero with all splendid and noble attributes; and it was the especial good fortune of Mr. Charles Lorraine that Leila's imagination began to surround her unknown lover with all these. Finally it was arranged that she should go out to marry him. I omit the many intermediate steps by which this ultimate decision was arrived at. The matter was very pleasantly arranged. Lorraine would manage to come as far as Venice to meet her, and there the marriage was to take place. It so happened that some friend of the mother of the bride elect, a consumptive patient, hearing of the great benefit which the Empress of Austria had experienced from her winter residence, had taken a palace at Venice for a term, which she was prolonging till advanced summer should bring the mosquitoes. She was to take the young lady under her care, and at her palace the ceremony was to be performed. Another friend, the widow of the squire of the parish where the Greys lived, offered to be the chaperone of the young lady on this interesting occasion. Rich, young, and handsome, Mrs. Lisle knew that she required a chaperone herself, and thought that for the present Leila would nicely serve the purpose. Thus it was that Leila Grey was travelling to endow an unremembered friend with herself and the comfortable little fortune which she would one day inherit. Miss Grey was quite the Lady of the Lake during our stay at this enchanting place. I, who happened to know her secret, guarded it jealously.

Those were lazy, pleasant times. As a rule, little was to be done till the evening. The more adventurous of the party would get up an hour before sunrise and climb a famous mountain which commanded a panoramic view. Some would

stay the whole day upon the hills where the pure fresh breezes tempered the heat and gave them illustrious appetites for a five-o'clock dinner. A sharp drive by the lake was also very endurable. But to lounge about, to read a novel, to play on the piano, to sketch, was the main amusement of the ladies, and also of the gentlemen, who added thereto smoking, billiard play-

ing, and, notwithstanding the unjustifiable expense, Bass's pale ale, incited thereto by the example of the Zermatt man who said that that alone had enabled him to achieve Monte Rosa. By the time we had finished dinner the sun had abated something of the fearful heat, and the more enjoyable part of the day commenced. Many were the parties on the water, many the pleasant



walks, sometimes in that wild kind of scenery in which Salvator's brigands lurked, sometimes in pleasant lanes that reminded me strongly of the green lanes of Kent; sometimes resting by a wayside cross or in a churchyard where the walls are painted with the last scenes of the Saviour's history, and constantly enough along paths rendered leafy arcades by the trellised vines. I was much surprised by the manifest

inferiority of Italian to English fruits. A poor child is able to buy his capful of green figs, peaches, and nectarines. But the fruits are poor enough when compared with those of an English greenhouse. The wretched gardening is the reason of this. Where nature has dealt so abundantly the thoughtless people have left all to nature, and have very rarely employed habits of industry or the fostering hand of art. A

good gardener or carefully-kept garden is an utmost rarity. I have already said something of our musical evenings. When the music was over, and the ladies were withdrawn, we felt the want of a milder and more humanizing influence. Till very late I, with one or two of my friends, would pace the road by the margin of the lake; and let it be said to the shame of various sluggish vestries of several parishes in England, that many of these roads were most admirably constructed, and kept in first-rate condition. At home was always a heap of the 'Times,' and 'Galignani,' and the Milan newspapers, which gave us the earliest American news; or some new books; or that most enjoyable kind of conversation which begins at the hour when conversation generally leaves off: and the kindly shadows of night inviting to frankness, in those charmed nights did two or three of us exchange confidences and experiences. In such an hour did the Cambridge man, young Ponsonby L'Estrange, intrust to me, his sympathizing auditor, the story of his wild attachment to Leila Grey. Examining into the statistics of the young man's moral condition, I discovered that from the time he had doffed the jacket he had entertained about three-and-twenty wild and passionate attachments. He exhibited a small collection of flowers, lockets, and gloves, and classically remarked, having been in the sixth form at Eton, 'Et militavi non sine gloria.' He wished to propose in form to Miss Grey, and eloquently expanded on the vast impulse for good she would prove to him in reading for his degree and for the bar. I gently explained to him that in the present case I thought his *bonnes fortunes* would desert him, and expressed a belief, which he indignantly repudiated, that his blighted feelings would one day recover the disappointment. In compliance with my entreaties he consented not to send Leila a passionate epistle, but to talk over the matter confidentially with her guardian, beautiful Mrs. Lisle. Dear, good Mrs. Lisle! with what placid joy did she listen to that gushing story of the affec-

tions! When, with the utmost sympathy and delight, she had discussed the matter, she melodramatically informed young L'Estrange that Leila was Unalterably Another's. L'Estrange, acting upon a precedent, which he had seen in some novel or other, ordered post-horses and set off for the North. At Bellinzona he halted for a day; and Bellinzona being rather a dull place, he honoured me by inditing one of the most tragic letters which I had ever received, which I was by all means to show to Mrs. Lisle, and was by no means forbidden to show to Leila. When he had reached Baden-Baden, I received another much more cheerful letter, in which it was manifest that the gay festivities of the forest-embosomed village and the neighbouring court of Carlsruhe, were beginning to heal the wound. After this, as old Bunyan says, he went his way and I saw him no more. Little Tom Noddy, however, whom I picked up, later in the season, at Wiesbaden, was able to inform me of an additional chapter in the fortunes of Mr. L'Estrange that eventful long vacation. He partook somewhat freely of the enjoyments of Baden-Baden, and being unable to withstand the attractions of the Kursaal, he rashly ventured the whole of the rather considerable sum that had been intrusted to him for his expenses, and lost every florin. The first impulse of the repentant youth was to beg his way to the shores of the German Ocean, and then to work over his passage to his native strand. He thought better of this, however, and spent some time in honourable captivity at the principal hotel; where he beguiled his time by eating very excellent dinners and writing penitential letters to his friends, by whom he was ultimately released, and, I trust, thoroughly lectured.

The mention of this incident reminds me of another unpleasant story which I heard one morning as I was leisurely discussing some breakfast. The German baron, at a very late *sederunt* last night, had won an unconscionably large sum of money of a young and inexperienced Frenchman. It is wonderful how

such things 'crop up,' but it was whispered that this sort of thing had happened once or twice before at the hotel; and Mr. Noddy had an awkward story to tell me of a disreputable affair in which the baron had been largely mixed up at some celebrated watering-place. I was the more sorry to hear this, as I had imagined that the beauty, or the gold, or both of Mrs. Lisle had attracted the very special attention of the baron; and I was sorry to see that the lady was better pleased with them than might have been expected from a woman of her discernment. I believed that our friend the artist, a thorough gentleman by education and position, was becoming rather partial to Mrs. Lisle's society. I was not altogether sorry, therefore, when Mrs. Lisle declared that day that the time was come when she and her charge would move southward. This declaration from the most charming member of our party had the effect of partially dissolving the little club into which we had gathered at the hotel. We were only a fortuitous concourse of atoms whom any chance might blow to the four quarters of the world. It is astonishing, however, how often the separate fragments of such a party in a measure reunite. Tourists, as a rule, travel pretty much to the same towns and the same show-places, frequently drop into companies for a week or two, then separate; and finally, to their mutual astonishment and delight, turn up again in some most unlikely sort of place.

Shall I ever forget that most beautiful, most blessed time, when, with trembling awe and with happy tears gathering in my eyes, I first stood within the cathedral of Milan? I felt that this alone would amply, most amply, repay any trouble and cost of long travel; and I could well understand the involuntary wish breathed from the lips of various English travellers, that in such a shrine they might find their final rest. It was a goodly sight to see the crowd of poor people, freely pressing through the ever-open doors of the cathedral, and passing at once from the glow of the day and the

tumult of business through the columnar forest to some spot where, in the cool and in the dimness, they offered what seemed to me sincerest prayer. I, fresh from a northern clime, and from a simpler ritual, saw much that did not harmonize with my severer form of faith: but I trust I am a good Catholic; and, as if I were a thorough Romanist, I too found a quiet nook, and offered the aspiration that the beauty and glory of this marble temple might attract many a true-hearted worshipper, and be blessed to Christian hearts that were loving rather than polemical. And then that wealth of painted glass—could all the cathedrals of England furnish forth the like? One vast window gathered together, in its multitudinous compartments, the principal narratives of the Old Testament, and another window the principal events of the New; and I thought how, in less happy times, a large amount of scriptural instruction would thus be vividly presented to the minds of this imaginative people. I climbed to the leads, whence various groups were gathered, and then to the top-most perilous ascent up a staircase, whose outer work seemed only a frail protection, and appeared to quiver in the undulations of the air. Then the vast fertile Lombard plain lay boundless leagues around me, and in the background arose the snowy Alpine ranges, with their white heights lost in the white clouds. Yonder, said my guide, was the field of Magenta, at what seemed only a moderate distance, and plainly visible to the eye. All day long on the glaring roof, beyond that forest of pinnacles and statues, had he watched, so far as could be, the issue of the mighty battle. The thick smoke hid from all eyes the fortune of the field; but in the reverberating thunder of the cannonade they recognized the heralding of the regeneration of Italy.

Oh, what a chance Louis Napoleon then lost! Had he only elected the nobler part, to be true to that Italian cause of which he professed to be the benefactor, he would have counselled well and truly for the fortunes of his dynasty. The Italians are pas-

sionately zealous in their attachment; and had Napoleon really rendered Italy a free and consolidated kingdom, in any coming time of revolution—and the shadow of such darkly overhangs the imperial house—he might have counted upon a united Italian people as his most sure and faithful ally. I endeavoured, so far as I could while at Milan, to ascertain both the state of political feeling there, and also the opinions which London Society on its travels formed on these subjects. Those opinions, however, for the most part, were merely a re-echo of such as are expressed by Signor Gallenga, a member of the Turin parliament, and the Turin correspondent of the 'Times.' It would be difficult to say which language this accomplished gentleman speaks and writes with most purity and ability. On most questions, however, he takes a particular side, and the accuracy and impartiality of his letters were strongly impugned.

Although it was the height of summer Milan was still very full. There was still a long roll of carriages on the fashionable drive; and although La Scala was closed, the Carcano nightly attracted a full house. The Milanese noble—famous for liberality, taste, and high bearing, beyond all the nobility of Italy—if he had not migrated to the Baths or the sea-shore, preferred his vast, cool, shaded city palace in the narrow streets of Milan to his country seat at Como or Lugano. All the cool and livelong night parties of politicians were gathered together at places of resort, over ices or coffee. I was at Milan during a memorable season. It was a short time before Garibaldi's unhappy expedition. To Garibaldi himself, when I first came into the country, I brought a letter of introduction from an old and attached friend of his, which I believe would have insured some attention. 'He wishes,' wrote the Italian gentleman who gave me the introduction, 'to shake the hand which has liberated so great a part of Italy.' The words were not words of mine, but I was willing enough to endorse them as my own. I was to have found Garibaldi at Belli-

gerate or Lago Maggiore, but he had left before I came there, and in his subsequent erratic movements I was unable to meet him. Among the Milanese there was a very strong feeling in favour of Garibaldi, and great suspicion and dislike towards the cabinet of Turin. Turin, in its position as the capital of the kingdom, is plethoric with prosperity; the value of house property, for instance, being about quintupled in amount, or even more. In the large improvements of the Revolution, Milan has gained no such access of material prosperity. A transfer of the seat of Italian government to Rome would cause a very serious diminution of the prosperity of Turin and the Sardinian States. The Milanese suspect, therefore, that Turin is insincere in its expressed desires for Italian unity. A very jealous feeling was prevailing; and it appeared to me most probable—an anticipation which has been partially correct, and perhaps more so than Signor Gallenga admits—that some serious conflict might arise between the Milanese and the royal troops. Despite the jealousies, however, and a taxation as heavy as existed under Austrian rule, I do not doubt but in their recovered freedom the Milanese find a source of deep and genuine happiness. The armed occupation of the dominant German soldiery afforded, especially in the country districts, innumerable causes of petty vexations, and must have been in the highest degree galling to the feelings of a proud and sensitive people. Whatever the prophets of evil may forebode, I wish and augur well for the cause of Italian nationality; and though I have at times been very doubtful of the prospects of the new kingdom, I think that the tendency of later experiences is very much in its favour.

At Milan, while staying at the San Marco hotel, I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with Mrs. Lisle and her charming ward. One morning we had done rather a good day's work together. We had been to the celebrated Arch, an item in which Milan entirely eclipses Paris, thence to the amphitheatre,

and we afterwards completed our survey of the picture gallery. My friends had gone to their hotel to lunch; but I had declined their kind invitation to accompany them, in order to examine some books in the library adjacent to the gallery. Many persons were engaged with books, and the aspect of the place rather reminded me of the reading-room of the British Museum. I recognized an Englishman as a neighbour; and with the freemasonry of travel, appealed to him for assistance in some trifling difficulty. This was readily accorded; and entering into conversation with him, found that although a new arrival in the city, he was better versed in all details relating to the localities than I was myself. My next visit was to be to Leonardo da Vinci's splendid but ruined picture of the Last Supper, where I had arranged to meet my friends at half-past three; and finding that I had only five minutes before that time, I begged this gentleman to tell me the most direct way. He was so good as to volunteer to accompany me. This most wonderful picture is not in the cathedral or in any stately church, but in a common barracks; and to visit it we had to pass through what, if I remember aright, was a riding-school. Utter carelessness has well-nigh ruined the wonderful painting: the majestic face of the Saviour is still perfect, so also are those of a few of the apostles. In its decay, the utmost care is taken of its preservation—when too late; and although it has been found impracticable to eliminate the barracks part of the business, yet the part of the building in which is the painting is sacred to the painting alone. The two ladies were standing in front of the painting, making the usual mingled interjectional remarks of grief and astonishment which the spectacle usually excites. As I advanced to greet them, my new-made acquaintance turned aside to a small stall on which were exhibited for sale a number of photographs, of various sizes, of the celebrated picture. We also turned round to do the same, and I again entered into conversation with him. My atten-

tion was all at once drawn to the varying aspect of Leila's face, alternately pale and crimson. Before long I noticed that this agitation was reciprocated by my companion. Mrs. Lisle hastily whispered to me to ask him if his name was not Lorraine. 'Not to put too fine a point on it,' it was Leila's unknown beloved that had made his appearance thus unexpectedly.

'The Duke and Duchess of Belmont had arrived at Jerusalem.' Such is Mr. Disraeli's sententious conclusion of 'Tancred.' Mr. Lorraine had arrived at Milan. There was just a little scene, but not much, and fortunately the room was quite empty. The photograph had made the mutual revelation. But for the photograph what a pretty Lalla Rookh story might have been made out of these promising materials. In that case Leila would not have recognized her affianced. But a story might run somewhat thus. She should have accidentally made the acquaintance of a mysterious stranger. She should have been charmed by the graces of his manner and the brilliancy of his talents. I would have read up for a legend to rival that of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, with which he should enliven his conversation. There would be a long struggle between love and duty. Gradually the former would be triumphant. She would determine to reveal all to her intended husband and fling herself upon his generosity. Then, at the last moment, she should discover that her lover and her affianced are the same. The photograph spoilt it all; a very simple explanation cleared up the matter. He had been able to leave Smyrna a week earlier than he had anticipated; and learning from his last letter that Mrs. Lisle and Miss Grey were proceeding to Milan, he had come so far to meet them, making pretty certain of discovering their whereabouts by inquiring at the different hotels. Mutual introductions were soon over, and many kind words were addressed to me by all, desiring the prolonging of our intimacy. I thought, however, I should be eliminating one element of awk-

wardness if I absented myself, and accordingly extemporized an excursion to Lago Garda; I took a farewell glance at Leila's scarlet cheeks, and wished the party farewell.

I am glad to say, however, that this was not the last I saw of Leila Grey, or rather Leila Lorraine. My excursion to Lago Garda was soon over. I liked it while it lasted. It was rather amusing to veer between the two opposite sides of the lake—Desenzano, the advanced post of the Italians, and Peschiera, the advanced post of the Austrians. On this side the water was the land of the free, and on that, the land of the oppressed. Peschiera was bristling with fortifications and crowded with troops, and prepared me for the subsequent scene at Verona, which was simply astonishing. Across the water, then, as Mrs. Lisle roughly expressed it, the Italian and Austrian forces 'were glaring at each other like two cats.' The lake itself is the least visited, but perhaps the lake which best repays visiting of them all.

The examination of luggage—to those going east at Peschiera, and to those going west at Desenzano—was rigid enough; but I was told that a *douceur* would entirely mollify matters. I had no occasion, however, to try the experiment, as my slight carpet-bag was allowed to pass unchallenged. They were rather stricter, I thought, on the Austrian side.

Let me, however, say that, with all my Italian predilections, I have a great partiality for the Austrian army. The private soldier, indeed, as a rule excites pity. He is not well grown. Neither is he well fed or well paid. But the Austrian officers are as fine and gentlemanly a set of men as it is possible to meet in any army. It is impossible not to feel indignant at the system which sends Italian soldiers to curb the liberties of Hungary, and Hungarian soldiers to curb the liberties of Venetia. But one can very well understand how the Austrian gentleman looks upon it as an earnest and patriotic duty to maintain, so far as he can, the integrity of the

empire. And from the glimpse I was enabled to catch of Austrian society—and at Venice, by intermarriages, there is a strong English element—it is impossible not to be captivated by their courteous and kindhearted ways. And for my own part I can quite understand Mr. Roebuck's sympathy with them, and strongly approve of it.

I am recalled, however, to Leila and to Venice. At Verona it was a question whether a man should work his way up into the Tyrol and so on to Munich, or should go on to Venice, although it was a week or two later than most people cared to stay there. I determined to go on to Venice, and to the last day of my life it will be a thought of happiness and consolation that I have been there. It was in the middle of July, and with a friend I had been floating in my gondola along the Grand Canal. Through the transparent veil of night the lucid stars were reflected on the Adriatic waters; and as various groups were borne past, music and laughter were heard with that peculiar delicacy of intonation for which 'music o'er the waters' is noted. The most frequent destination was the stairs in front of the two noble columns of St. Mark and of St. Theodore. As we ascended them my attention was directed to two lights that starlike were burning high up in the cathedral. A curious story is connected with them, which I believe is not to be found in 'Murray.' At a distant date an innocent man was condemned to suffer. Most probably he was conducted from the Ducal Palace, over the Bridge of Sighs, to the prison on the other side. Most probably he suffered on that confined narrow spot which is shown by torchlight to horrified visitors, where hapless prisoners, bound and gagged, were strangled. The innocence of the executed man was afterwards established. The State, with an impulse thoroughly Italian, was willing to make any reparation—in this instance disproving Lord Coke's celebrated assertion that a corporation has no soul. His representatives requested that two lights might for ever be kept burning on the cathe-

dral tower as a standing memorial of his innocence.

The clash of music was resounding as we entered the Piazzetta. The Austrian band—perhaps the finest military band in the world—was performing, as it does three times a week, a grand selection of music. The remarkable scene presented is something quite peculiar to Venice, and hardly to be paralleled in any other European city. A brilliant company was in constant promenade, while another crowd was seated on the sides of the Piazzetta on chairs, listening to the music and watching the passing groups.

I turned into Florian's to get an ice; and there, with her husband and Mrs. Lisle, was Leila. In her sweet look of contented happiness I saw that, so far at least as the present extended, her day-dream was realized. In a few days she was to sail to her new home with her husband, not without many pleasant anticipations of the happy future in which she was to revisit England. I was charged with the office of visiting her parents, and giving them a personal relation of her happiness and content.

During my stay at Venice we met various groups of English and Americans. Friendships and associations are easily made, but unhappily their continuance is most brief. For a day or two we meet with those whose noble images haunt us ever afterwards; but we greet only as ships at sea, that briefly salute and then separate for ever. Thus my own immediate party would meet others at different places—in some church decorated with the pictures of Titian and the sculptures of Canova, in the half-oriental, half-occidental magnificence of the cathedral, or in some stately palace of historic name, and we would occasionally agree to combine our forces. Thus in a body we would visit the island-convent of the Armenian church, and rest in the room which Lord Byron, still of evil repute in Venice, made his own; or walk in the public gardens opposite the Count de Chambord's own island, where, at certain seasons, he is wont to breakfast; or go to that long

strip of land, the island Lido, which of late years has been converted from sands into a garden strewn with those innumerable pretty shells of which so many graceful ornaments are composed. On the Lido a man may take horse exercise, as Lord Byron used to do. Horse-stealing is an impossible crime here, as in all Venice I believe there are only two horses, so completely has the gondola superseded all means of locomotion. Off the Lido, on St. John the Evangelist's Day, occurred the only gondola accident which our cicerone recollected to have occurred in his day. Several gondolas were then lost in a sudden storm; and to the present time people superstitiously abstain from using the gondola at that time of the year.

English Society Abroad!—the theme is so vast I must guard myself from those avenues of thought which open up on the right hand and on the left. I should like to dwell on the strange and mingled effects of London manners and customs, and those of cosmopolitan names and manners that appeared among the mountains and waters of Switzerland, in long evenings on the Rhine or the Adige, in the quaint old cities of Germany and Flanders. London Society in France would by itself demand a separate paper. I will only suffer myself to speak of one more place, in which one or two individuals that have made their appearance in this sketch will for a minute reappear.

The scene is Ems. It lies, embosomed by hills, on the banks of the silver Lahn. For travellers on the Rhine the railway station to it is just opposite to the stately castle of Stolzenfels on the other bank of the Rhine. A party of us went over the castle, where, in happier time, the late King of Prussia entertained our Queen and Prince Albert, and inspected the miserable, dog-kennel kind of place into which his sacred Majesty crept in order to afford room to his royal guests and their party. I am told that Ems is the most fashionable and exclusive of all the German watering-places. However this may be, I would give it the

preference, were it not that Baden-Baden implies the Black Forest—if you will go far enough for it.

Here, then, Mrs. Lisle was staying. In the absence of Leila, the pretty, well-jointured lady felt the want of chaperonage, and happily meeting with an English lady who had been a governess at Frankfort, had engaged her as companion. This lady was in decayed health; and it was very pleasing to me to see how Mrs. Lisle

devoted herself to her health and comfort, as if the whole of the duty and obligation lay on her side—an instance of generosity and delicate feeling rare enough to deserve a chronicle, and which infinitely increased my esteem for the good lady. I mentally resolved that I would write a letter to my friend the artist, who was then making himself very busy and very happy with the cathedral of Cologne, and quietly hint



that it was worth his while to retrace his steps, as I had found Mrs. Lisle at Ems.

I confess I was immensely disgusted when I discovered at the table d'hôte the German baron, whom I had seen reason to dislike at the lake, sitting nearly opposite to us, gracefully claiming me as an acquaintance, and talking to my fair neighbour with much familiarity. A rapid conversation was going on, chiefly by people who had been visiting the neighbouring localities. Some had been that day to Ehrenbreitstein,

and others still farther on, to the gardens of Prince Maximilian at Niewied. Some had been up the Moselle, and some up the Rhine. The baron easily distinguished himself by his topographical knowledge, and his acquaintance with the great people of every castle and château. I was sorry to see that Mrs. Lisle was rather dazzled by this. She had a stout British prejudice in favour of the aristocracy, and was not sufficiently aware of the difference between the princely nobility of England and the mushroom aristocracy

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cracy of the Continent. After dinner we walked together on the esplanade fronting the river in the beautiful gardens that lay in the rear of the Kursaal. She told me about Leila. It were to be wished that all love affairs of the romantic type would end so happily. Lorraine might not be so great and grand as the imaginary hero she had depicted, but he was a thoroughly good fellow, and business had brought him to a sober vein, from which his wife might derive a tone of the grave and practical, which she rather wanted. I asked her about the baron. She owned, not without a blush, that she had seen a great deal of him of late. In fact, he appeared to me to have been following her rather persistently. She had met him in quiet Lausanne and crowded Geneva; he had appeared at Baden-Baden and also at Frankfurt; at Heidelberg also she had seen him; and she let it out that she had informed him that she was going on to Ems.

At this point the baron himself joined us. He renewed his talk about high people. Surely no man ever talked so large as that insatiable baron! He confidentially informed me that he was a very intimate friend of Lord Westbury, our Lord High Chancellor. But this was nothing to his subsequent remarks. I presume that none of us is averse to letting his neighbour know that he is acquainted with Lord So-and-so. But the baron despised those who were only barons like himself. An American is not a bad hand at this kind of gasconade. When he comes over to see England he thinks that for the money he pays he ought to see the best people in it. He invents the circumstances he would like to be true, and then persuades both you and himself that they are true. He will calmly assert that he dined yesterday with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and has just received a morning call from the Archbishop of York. The baron soared to kings and princes. In the old days he used to know the King of Italy very well. Victor Emmanuel was not a

bad fellow. He was getting very rich now, but he remembered the time when he was very much out at elbows. The king had particularly admired a favourite fowling-piece of his, and only wished he could afford to buy one like it. Had he ever known the Emperor of the French? I asked. *Known him?*—rather, was the reply. He had spent a year or two in London when Louis Napoleon was there. He had several times had the pleasure of lending him a ten-pound note. Most honourable man, he must say. Never failed punctually to repay, or, if he could not, would tell you so, and appoint another day, to which he would be faithful. Had met him not so very long ago in Paris. Had not thought it quite the proper thing to call, but the emperor had seen him one day in the street, and had come up to him: 'Ah, baron, are you here? You will come and see me, will you not, and we will have one of our quiet evenings?' Mrs. Lisle was so much gratified by this last anecdote that I am not sure the baron would not have a good chance of being accepted then and there.

If he had entertained such hopes, they were destined that very evening to be blighted. When we arrived at our hotel there was a scene. The landlord of the hotel insisted that the baron should leave: the baron owed him a long bill, and had, moreover, been at his old game—grossly cheating a young nobleman in a gambling transaction. The aid of the police was called in. They declared that the baron was no baron at all; that he had been on their books, and on the books of the police of different countries, for years. They informed the baron that he must leave Ems within four-and-twenty hours or be arrested.

Within four-and-twenty hours the baron left Ems. Within four-and-twenty hours my friend the artist arrived. He came of a good stock, and is of rising fame, which, as a man of sense and genius, he deserves. I wish him success, if he is really in earnest, as I think he is.

A DEBATE AT THE OXFORD UNION.

I WAS staying with my friend B— at Oxford last term. The course of lions was duly done. I saw the last discovered MS. at the Bodleian, praised Exeter Chapel, execrated the Museum, went to service at Magdalen, and dined at New. The towing-path was not ignorant of my feet, as I stood to watch the 'Varsity eight rush past with the weight and steadiness of a steam-engine. On Thursday night I was to see something very different. 'Suppose we turn into the Union this evening,' said B—, at dinner; 'there's a good debate on, and a promising speaker is going to open it.' It was obvious, as we entered the debating room at eight o'clock, that our expectations were likely to be fulfilled. Some preliminary business was going on; the librarian was proposing that certain books should be added to the library, and added, doubtless, by this time they are. It will speak well for the industry of Oxford men if they do more than ornament the shelves, for they were chiefly philosophical, or, at least, of a nature instructive rather than amusing. While we were waiting for the debate to commence, my friend whispered to me statistics of 'the Society' in whose 'rooms' we were seated. It has been established more than thirty years, and from small beginnings, has come to number eight hundred paying besides honorary members, and to possess an income of 2,500*l.* a year. It has large writing and reading rooms. It takes in all the papers and magazines, and it was not difficult to learn which papers were the more popular. The rush for 'Punch' on Wednesday evening is, I am told, alarming; the copies of the other daily papers together do not amount to those of the 'Times;' and the gorgeous cover of 'London Society' is, I believe, seldom lying idle on the table of the magazine room. A subscription to Mudie gives it all the latest novels. Its library contains several thousand volumes selected with great care. Its growth has been particularly rapid during the last few years.

Besides buying a large house, it has erected a handsome hall for debates, and a new library and writing-room are fast approaching completion. It is managed entirely by undergraduate 'officers' elected by the whole society. The president is general superintendent; a treasurer and librarian rule the finances and library respectively; a standing committee, with its secretary, are charged with the arrangement of daily details; and the librarian is assisted by a committee nominated by himself. I had just heard all this, when the president, rising from his throne, invited members to ask any questions of any 'officer of the society.' A small man with a weak voice wished to know, amid repeated encouragements to 'speak up,' 'speak up, sir,' why the society did not take in more copies of the magazines. 'It was painful,' he said, 'when one was interested in a heroine to see that another man had appropriated the book which contained her fate.' The treasurer replied, with all courtesy, 'that no doubt the honourable gentleman was interested in a good many heroines, but really the society could not afford to have unlimited numbers of their histories.' During this time, 'the house' was rapidly filling. The long rows of green morocco benches were occupied one after another. The gallery, where it was not filled by ladies, was crowded by loungers from the library and writing-rooms. There were the cap and gowns of men long past undergraduate days, there were also the caps and gowns of undergraduates, caps from which the board had long since departed, and gowns flung over the arm or rolled up and held in one hand, articles of dress so diminutive, that it was impossible to conceive how they could be worn, if they ever were. Academic costume was, however, in a minority, and every variety of coat exhibited the taste of the wearers or their tailors. Great was the delight of 'the house' to scream 'Order, order,' when any unlucky individual walked in without moving his hat,

especially as he invariably smiled blandly round, ignorant of the interest he was exciting. After a few minutes the president again rose, and read the motion for the debate, 'That the "Daily News" and the advanced school which it represents deserve the highest reprobation.' There was a moment's silence as the mover rose from his desk immediately below the president, where he had been acting as secretary, and walked forward to a table that stood in the position of its type in the House of Commons. A cheer of welcome broke out as he presented himself. As he stood waiting to begin, I was favourably prepossessed. His tall and graceful figure was set off by a dress which, if quieter than seems to be generally adopted by 'Varsity men,' seemed to my old-fashioned eyes more gentlemanlike. His face was thoughtful and intellectual, and its dark and strongly-marked features reminded me of the pictures of Strafford. His speech lasted nearly an hour, an unprecedented length for Union speeches, but the attention of the audience was always kept up by his fluent and vigorous style. His clear voice and lively manner, as he ridiculed the ultra-philosophical school of the present day, added much to the effect of the more eloquent and sarcastic parts of his speech. Cheers and counter cheers echoed the various points, and at the conclusion, a long-continued burst of admiration rewarded a pointed and impressive peroration. Then came the treasurer. I was informed that the financial abilities of this gentleman had been the chief cause of the present prosperity of the Union, which exhibits itself in the material form of a surplus of 600*l.* a year. His speech was clear and sensible, but his advocacy of Radical opinions left untouched the principal points of attack. Nor did he appear to possess the readiness to avail himself happily of interruptions which had distinguished the mover, and which is one of the most necessary qualities in addressing a noisy audience. But it was evident that the Radical party contained the preponderance of ability. Speaker after speaker advocated their cause; an Ireland scholar

impressed on the house the blessings of democracy; fellows of the renowned colleges of Balliol and Oriel stood forth as the champions of progress. With one opponent of theirs I was much struck, whose boyish face and form made a striking contrast with the really eloquent flow of his polished sentences and the force and point of his arguments. It was evident the tide of party feeling was strong, for no sign of weariness was shown even by an audience as impatient as that of undergraduates. 'Men' whom I fancied were not capable of greater exertion than sucking the top of canes and putting their hands in their voluminous pockets, leant forward and vigorously applauded the arguments of their party. Though the division could not be in doubt, there was great excitement as the tellers walked up and down the long room collecting the votes. There was silence for one moment as the president announced the result—a large majority for the motion, and then the delight was quite as noisy as after the most important ministerial or opposition triumph. It was perhaps less decorous, if one could judge from the caps flung up into the air and lighting on anybody's head but the owners'. Altogether, it was a hearty English debate, manly in one sense if somewhat boyish in another. Only fancy French students discussing such questions! or the stolid German forgetting his duels and his beer to come to a fair healthy boxing match of words! I don't say all the Oxford men are orators, though I am much mistaken if there isn't the stuff there now of which orators, worthy of Oxford and England, will be made. But all had good sense and good temper, gave and received blows in stand-up fight, and never, I am sure, bore malice after it. I was told, 'Oh, the Union is nothing to what it was in the days of Gladstone, Palmer, Cardwell, Lowe, and Tait' Certainly any old fellow like me who happened to hear a debate in those palmy days must have felt good hope for England; but I don't feel sure that there's not more men like them where they came from.

OUT OF TOWN IN THE SEASON.



'GOING out of town *now*! Why, what will all your friends say to that? What a cruel disappointment for them, and—a—a—for me!'

'I don't care about my friends, nor about you, much. I'm like Tony Lumpkin, "I can't abide to disappoint myself."'

'Tony Lumpkin, did you say? I don't know the gentleman. Sounds rather a vulgar name, don't you think?'

The speakers were a fine, fashionable girl and a swell of the heaviest order and the most inane appearance. The time was six o'clock on a lovely June afternoon. The place was the walk by the Serpentine. This last time-honoured abomination was smelling most horribly, as usual; the trees and grass in Hyde Park were burned to a bright brown; the air was close and op-

pressiva. Yet to hear these two, one would have supposed that London, at this particular season of the year, combined every possible advantage.

'But why does she take you away?' asked the swell, reverting to the first point, and politely waiving the question of Tony Lumpkin's vulgarity.

'She says I'm looking ill, and that going out every night is too much for me. But there she is, looking at me. I suppose she wants to go home. Yes, mamma, I'm coming directly. Good-bye, Mr. Heaviside. If you can find out where I am going, you may come and see me.'

With these words, and a stiff bow from the stepmother to the rather discomfited dragoon, the carriage rolled off with Lydia Madden.

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Yes; it was too true! Lydia's stepmother had decided to fake her down to Monmouthshire in the very height of the season, hoping thereby to put a stop to her increasing paleness and thinness, which, if allowed to go on unchecked, might materially affect her marketable value, and her chance of a good *parti*. As Mrs. Madden had two young daughters of her own, who were already seriously bent on growing up and coming out as fast as possible, all other stepmothers will fully enter into her anxieties on this head. She was by no means unkind to Lydia. On the contrary, she strictly did her duty by her, which is, after all, quite sufficient to account for the strong antipathy that existed between them.

So Lydia made up her mind to be crosser than usual, and ensconcing herself in a corner of the railway carriage on the morning they left town, with her little dog Tip in her lap, she inwardly vowed to speak to no one but that small pet all the way down to Ross.

But the day was very fine, and the fields and hedgerows looked very fresh as the train steamed by them. Lydia was not proof against these influences. Before the sun had dried up the glittering dewdrops her ill-humour had quite evaporated, and she was delighting her little sisters, Alice and Cissie, by giving them an improved edition of 'Cinderella,' with detailed accounts of all the ball-dresses, to which they listened with deep attention, their little mouths watering in anticipation of the time when they, too, should wear such dresses, and go out to balls, like sister Lydia.

They were going to a place called Cliffe Priory, on the banks of the Wye. (I may as well say beforehand that I am not going to dilate on the beauties of the Wye. Those who have been there can judge of it for themselves. To those who have not been so fortunate, any description of mine would be utterly inadequate to convey an idea of its charms. So I shall only mention it as it affects Lydia, to whom, after apologizing for this digression, I will return.)

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They had none of them ever seen the place. Mrs. Madden had lighted on it in an advertisement, and, charmed by the glowing description of its beauties, and lured also by the low rent, had forthwith engaged it for three months.

It was rather discouraging to Lydia, on arriving late in the evening, tired and hungry, to find, perched on a wooded bank overlooking the river, a gaunt, white, damp-looking house, surrounded by a large dreary garden, with four lean, black pigs disporting themselves on the lawn. Everything looked wretched, and Lydia's spirits sank again below zero. However, supper and bed worked wonders, and the next day, Sunday, she was almost prepared to admire the natural beauties of the place.

They walked to the little old church across pleasant fields, where the grasshoppers involved themselves inextricably in Lydia's muslin flounces, and chirped loudly all church-time.

The service was performed by the vicar, and two curates, of whom one was dark, handsome, and vulgar, the other fair, plain, and gentlemanly. Lydia was perfectly aware, and at the same time wholly unconscious, of the glances cast in her direction, and rather enjoyed it than otherwise. It was better than nothing.

A few days brought the neighbourhood to call on them. There was, of course, the pensioned widow of an Indian officer, loud-voiced and strong-minded; also her two plain, spiteful daughters, setting their respective caps at the curates. There was the quiet vicar and his quiet wife, and four men from Oxford, lodging in a little cottage on the river, with a tutor at their head, all busily engaged in studying—whist!

Lydia avoided all callers, being quite convinced that nobody there was worth her notice. She had found for herself a pleasant shady nook down by the river, and there she used to sit nearly all day reading, working, and lamenting her hard fate. Her little sisters used to give her graphic descriptions of their visitors, being of that preco-

cious order of children which sees and remembers everything. It would be, 'Oh! Lydia, the reading-party called to-day, and they walked into the room in ages, the oldest and shortest first, and the youngest and tallest last. Bagot made such a mess of their names in announcing them, and mamma called them wrong all the time, till Alice laughed out loud.' Or, 'Lydia, the two curates called to-day. The dark one is Mr. White, and the fair one Mr. Black. They sat here two hours, and drank cider. My opinion is,' said Cissie, 'that they were waiting for you. They said Mrs. Triphorim, the widow, would so like you to make friends with her daughters.'

'I don't think they care much for the two Miss Triphorims,' added Alice, sagaciously: 'they laughed at each other when they talked about them.'

At last came an invitation from Mr. Mann, the vicar, to a school-treat, and Lydia unwillingly consented to go. She found it pleasanter than she expected, and actually had to own to herself that Mr. Black, the fair curate, was very agreeable. That he was very attentive admitted of no question at all. He asked Lydia how she liked her riverside seat, and why she sat so often gazing into the water as if meditating suicide.

'Why, how do you know anything about it?' asked Lydia, with a blush.

'I often come down to the opposite bank to fish, and I can see you in your little nook quite well. Can you throw a fly? Should you be angry if I came on your side of the river, and offered to teach you?'

'The river is open to all,' said Lydia, carelessly. 'It is no concern of mine which side you take.' This speech was accompanied by an enchanting glance from under the brim of the jaunty little hat, which completely did for Mr. Black.

All this byplay began to make the Misses Triphorim very uneasy. They were two red-faced, red-headed young ladies, with long flat waists. They wore white frocks, as they called them, and each had a large

yellow rose and a bunch of red geranium stuck in her band and on the most prominent part of her person. Their hats were top-heavy with red feathers (why *would* red-haired, florid people always wear their clothes to match?), and their feet and hands would have been large for a coalheaver.

These charming creatures proceeded to make great demonstrations to Lydia, protesting she must come and practise archery with them, and making many plans in furtherance of violent intimacy. Lydia was too indifferent to make any objections, so various engagements were made, and pic-nics, water-parties, and moonlight rides to Tintern Abbey followed each other in quick succession, till Lydia began to think that, after all, she rather liked the country.

But in spite of all this gaiety, the seat by the river was often visited, and as Mr. Black happened to pass by that way almost every day with his rod, and as Lydia just then began to find old Izaak Walton a delightful study, she soon became quite an expert in the 'gentle craft,' and could throw a fly almost as well as her instructor. What other things he taught her I know not. Certain it is that about this time she improved very much. She became less selfish in her home, spent less time over her toilette, was more respectful to her mother, more kind and attentive to her little sisters. She couldn't refrain from a little innocent teasing of the Triphorims now and then, but that was quite legitimate.

One very hot Sunday afternoon Lydia had been at church. On coming out she had a little talk in the churchyard with Mr. Mann and Mr. Black, the latter telling her that he was going home to tea with his vicar.

Up hustled Mrs. Triphorim and her daughters, upon which the two clergymen made off as fast as possible.

'We'll walk home with you, Miss Madden,' shouted the widow. 'You're far too pretty a young lady to walk about unprotected.'

'Thank you,' replied Lydia, with

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great politeness; 'but our ways lie different, and it is a very hot day. I could not think of troubling you.' But they insisted, and Lydia gave up the point, the more willingly that she knew perfectly well why they accompanied her, and determined in her own mind to pay them out. So they proceeded on their way with every appearance of extreme affection, as is usual between ladies who hate each other.

As soon as they came in sight of Mr. Black's little white cottage, Lydia suddenly turned alarmingly faint, and declared she could go no further; so, sinking down on the stump of a tree just outside the cottage gate, she told her companions that she really must rest before she went on.

'But pray don't wait with me, Mrs. Triphorim. You see I occupy the only spot of shade near, and



your daughters' complexions may suffer if you stand there. I've noticed that they get rather flushed with the sun.'

'My dear, it's out of the question that you should sit here unprotected. My daughters are above caring for their complexions.'

'That's a good thing,' answered Lydia, sweetly. So there she sat on her shady seat, quite cool and comfortable (and, *entre nous*, no more faint than you or I, dear reader), while the amiable trio stood glower-

ing opposite her in the sun and dust, grimness and resolution expressed in every line of their countenances, which were every moment waxing hotter, redder, and more greasy.

Lydia kept them there twenty minutes, and then thinking they had been sufficiently punished, she rose with a beaming smile. 'Thank you so much, dear Mrs. Triphorim. I am quite well now. If Mr. Black had been at home, I might have sent in there for a glass of water,

mightn't I? but he has gone home to tea with the vicar. Good-bye! You'll not care to come further with me, I dare say.'

With this triumphant little speech she walked off, overhearing from one of the discomfited daughters: 'There, mamma, we needn't have waited broiling here, for she couldn't have expected him after all.'

That evening Mr. Black sought out Lydia in her riverside seat, and a long talk ensued. When Lydia went indoors she shut herself into her room, and did not come down all the evening.

Next morning, while strolling in the lane with her little sisters, they beheld a most unusual apparition in the distance. It looked like a regular London swell, and on coming nearer, Lydia exclaimed, with the greatest surprise, 'Mr. Heaviside! what cloud have you dropped from?'

'Not Mr. Heaviside,' replied that exquisite, seizing her hand *avec effusion*. 'I am Captain now. I got my troop yesterday, and came off at once by the night train.'

'But what on earth did you come for?'

'I came because you told me,' was the reply, and the poor fellow seemed rather taken aback at this unexpectedly cool reception.

'I told you! When did I tell you?'

'You said if I could find out where you were, I might come and see you. So here I am, dearest Lydia, and if you will only listen to me—'

'Pray don't let us have any nonsense, Captain Heaviside. I am sorry if you have misunderstood

me, but I never expected or wished to see you here, and you had much better go back.'

'Well, now, I protest it's a shame, Miss Madden, when you must have seen what my feelings have been for months. You're the seventh girl who has refused me this season!'

'I am not at all surprised to hear it. But that statement is rather incompatible with your declaration that you have had "feelings" towards me for months. Never mind. I'll forgive you. And if it's any comfort to you to know it, I will tell you that I am engaged to some one else, and mean to be married very soon, and to live in the country. So now come in to lunch like a sensible man, and go back to town by the next train.'

This good advice the poor 'Plunger' had to follow, *bon gré mal gré*, and Lydia cleverly contrived to despatch this old love before she announced to her mother the advent of a new.

There was some opposition, of course; but at last everything was arranged to the satisfaction of all parties; and, one fine morning, Lydia actually married Mr. Black, the curate!

As his wife a little course of wholesome self-denial did her a world of good; and by the time her husband was appointed to a good living, she was quite fit to encounter that hardest of all temptations—uninterrupted prosperity.

The last time she was in London in June, she voted the Serpentine a public nuisance, and expressed a sincere hope that she 'might spend every season out of town.'



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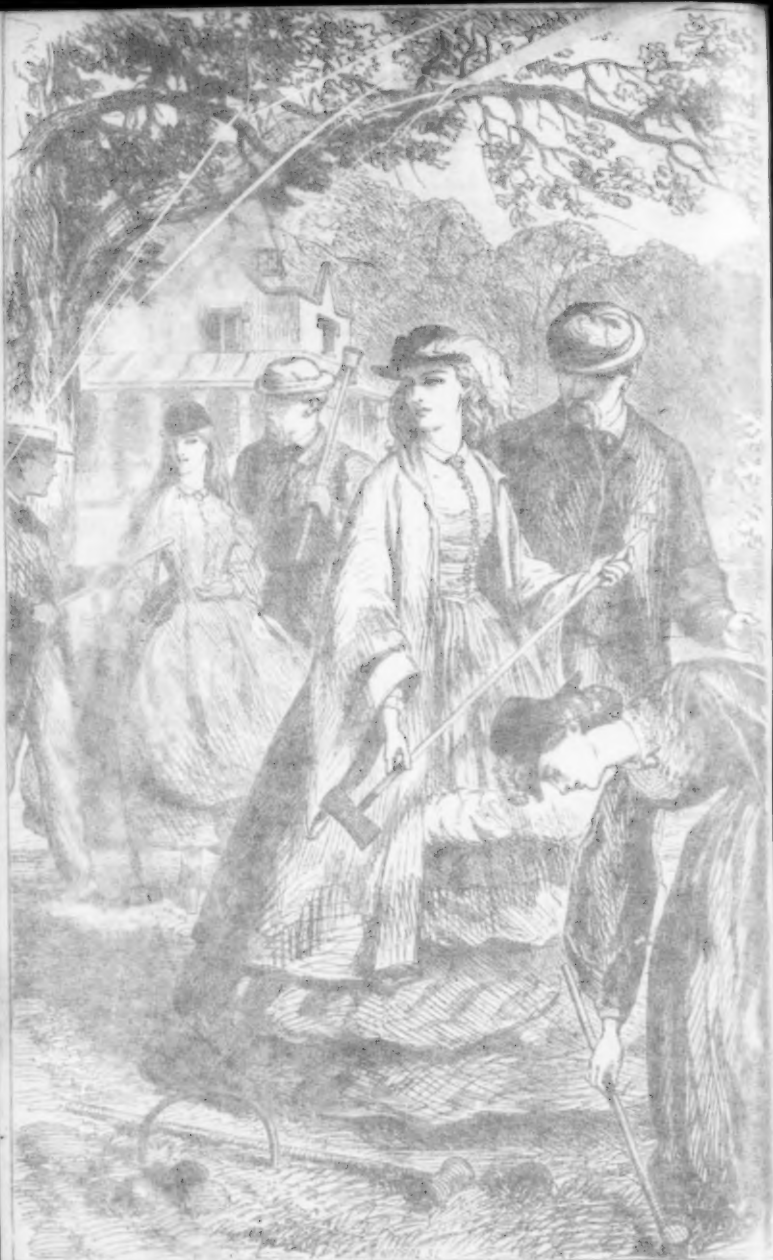


Drawn by T. J. Still.

THE GREAT CROQUET TOURNAMENT.

[See the Sketch.

Sketch



Drawn by T. A. Smith.

THE GREAT CROQUET TOURNAMENT.

[See the Sketch.]

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THE GREAT CROQUET TOURNAMENT AT THE GRANGE.

Extract from Letter.—Rosa Matilda G. to her Brother.

‘DEAR HARRY, &c.

‘You ask about the Three Graces, as you style them. In reply, I give you an account of a tournament at The Grange, as reported by Fanny, and done into immortal verse by thy loving sister,

‘R. M. G.

‘P.S.—I know you yourself have literary ambition: follow my example and always choose grand subjects, such as Indian affairs, French politics, the Crimea, or *this* great tournament. You can talk commonplace about thousands of men and millions of money, and it appears very imposing, is easily read up, and hard to contradict. Depend upon it, that pompous platitudes on a mountain are to the many more indicative of wisdom than the scientific analysis of a mole-hill, and a deal easier to write. Appear wise by vague generalities and big words. Assert boldly that England is rotten to the core—France in imminent peril of bankruptcy—Spain in a transition state—India on the eve of mighty transactions, &c., &c.,—beautifully safe and easy; but never give reasons for your opinions. On the other hand, should you attempt to write about a joint-stock company, or a gun lock, or such small matters *without* knowledge, you get prosecuted, or laughed at.

‘In grand subjects, if you do fail, it is a grand failure—like that for a million, when the bankrupt meets his creditors in state, and returns free; while the debtor for a hundred goes sneaking to court, and summarily to prison. Take the stage, for example; the noble gentleman never gives half a crown, but throws a purse of sovereigns—it costs quite as little. So with great subjects and great words.

‘Of course I do not speak of important matters, *wisely* studied and *carefully* written (another thing altogether); but merely tossing a purse or a paper on the public stage, let it be a purse of sovereigns in talk, should it be bits of brass in reality—*verb. sap.* Again and again, never talk of a house and a hill, when you can bring in a mansion and a mountain.

‘R. M.’

I.

JUST picture a day in the bright month of June,
A nice house and a velvet smooth lawn;
Great oaks, whose wide branches so temper the noon
That the sun's garish light is toned soft as the moon,
And the atmosphere cool as at dawn.

II.

While a matronly lady, stately and fair,
Sits tranquilly knitting below;
Her three lovely daughters, so gay, debonair,
In pure ‘far niente’ are taking the air—
Is it not like a sketch by Watteau?

III.

The eldest (glance lightly, or you are undone),
Though light glances are far from her due,
So graceful, dove-eyed, looking meek as a nun,
Yet hath air of a maiden not easily won;
This is Gertrude—her age, twenty-two.

IV.

The next—charming Kate—very slender and dark,
How pleasant her musical laugh!
Kate's a bit scientific, with just the least spark
Of the blue, yet quite up to the mark
Of flirting nineteen and a-half.

V.

The third—this sweet rosebud of scarcely fifteen—
Shows that odd girlish fancy which tends
To look womanly. Ah, what a dignified mien!
How she puffs her small shape with a huge crinoline!
This is Fanny—called 'Bunch' by her friends.

CHAPTER II.

VI.

Why is quaint little Fanny so looped up and laced?
Why wears she a cap like a jockey?
Why is Gertrude trussed up in that marvellous taste
Kate's vest of nankin, why so loose at the waist?
Ah! you guess it—the great match at croquet.

VII.

Yes. Captain Bayard (what a fine martial name!)
This day does not do martial duty,
But comes to The Grange for more perilous game,
And brings a young 'sub.' of agreeable fame,
To fight in the phalanx of beauty.

VIII.

Time has passed—will they come? Doubts each bosom invade.
Mamma with her work long gone in;
And Kate is now knitting her brows just a shade;
Yea, even nun Gertrude, immoveable maid,
Deems delay very nearly a sin.

IX.

'What can keep them so long?' (it was Fanny who spoke):
'This dawdling is really too bad—
A quarter to three, and we've not made a stroke!
'Tis truly provoking, and quite past a joke!
And Gertrude now looking so sad!'

X.

At last, here they come! and quick through the gate
Strode the guardsmen, thus meeting the fair:
'Good morning! good morning! So kind you should wait!
We're awfully sorry—my friend, Mr. Rait;
The honour—present, Miss De Vere.'

CHAPTER III.

XI.

All pleasant and friendly, last comes cousin Ne'—
That dreadful Young Pickle from Harrow,
Who settled the game, and with confidence said
He would handicap neatly, and pair, but not wed;
And thus were they paired by Cocksparrow:—

XII.

'You, Gerty, take Bayard, as both pretty good;
Some may beat you, though not very many.
As Kate rhymes with Rait' (said Imperative Mood),
'Kate must keep inexperience out of the wood.
For myself, I'll content me with Fanny.'

XIII.

Thus the field was arranged, and soon came the strife.
Kate gallantly fired the first shot,
And the struggle began—it was war to the knife!
Oh! who who could depict this grand scene to the life?
Not Napier, nor Thiers, nor Scott.

XIV.

How Gertrude and Bayard fought on to the lead,
And jealously guarded their rear!
How Kate hung on their flank, with oft-daring deed
How her ally once failed her, in time of dire need,
Which drew from the beauty—a tear!

XV.

How brave little Fanny, with courage and skill,
Croque'd wickedly on to the goal,
Fought hard for each bridge, made way up the hill,
While Cocksparrow seconded Bunch with a will,
And ran a fierce muck at the whole.

XVI.

To Gertrude and Bayard all honour is due
For attack, for retreat, and forced marches;
Their end was to conquer—they kept this in view,
Showed what tact may accomplish, and courage can do,
As they nobly fought on through the arches.

XVII.

But tactics may fail, when fortune says nay;
Angry foes were on flank and in rear;
These foes *must* be dealt with to win this great day,
So, with lion-like port, the proud pair stood at bay
To watch who would *dare* persevere.

XVIII.

Kate charged on their flank, but just failed by a flaw
To croquet them—no ill resulting;
Then up came young Hotspur, with fiendish hurrah,
But lies croque'd *himself*, by a reckless *faux pas*,
At the feet of the foe he's insulting.

A Dreadful Discovery.

XIX.

Ah! now is the ball pressed under the boot
Of Bayard, the guardsman and hero,
Whose uplifted mace comes crash on his foot,
While Neddy, the wretch, did derisively hoo,
As his hope rose to blood-heat, from zero.

XX.

A groan from Bayard—from poor Gertrude a wail,
But not a faint dream of despairing;
Wise conduct and bold even yet must prevail,
Though a glance at the foe makes Gertrude look pale,
As to croquet that foe is preparing.

XXI.

All still for a moment—just a hush in the wind,
Fanny croquets Bayard with a rattle;
As the ball sped afar, Pickle whispered and grinned
His amiable hope that the soldier was pinned,
And that *now* they might make a stout battle.

XXII.

And a battle it was—'En avant!' was the cry,
As each failed, or advantage obtained;
Now Kate's and now Fanny's hopes mount to the sky;
But vainly the deeds of great Troy they outvie,
Peerless Gertrude her leading regained.

XXIII.

And warily, boldly, she kept in the van,
Not unaided, yet honour unstained;
Though the fine tact of woman, the courage of man,
Were brought in all bearings to baffle their plan,
Still this pair their high vantage retained.

XXIV.

Ay, kept and defended their hard-fought command
With Ney's dash, and the tactics of Hoche;
Till at last, in the midst of this chivalrous band,
At the goal bravely won, in proud beauty they stand,
The guardsman sans peur, and the maid sans reproche.

ROSA MATILDA.

A DREADFUL DISCOVERY.

PREVIOUS to the dreadful discovery, Mr. and Mrs. Twiddles were the happiest couple alive. They were neither of them young, nor did I ever hear any one accuse them of being beautiful. But Mr. Thomas Twiddles—his wife and intimate friends call him Tommy—was well-to-do, rather stout, exceedingly amiable, thoroughly good-humoured, a kind friend, a good husband, and, I was going to say, an affectionate

father; but that would not be precisely correct, for Tommy, much to his regret, and still more to the regret of Mrs. Tommy, was not a father at all. Had he been a father, I have no doubt that he would have carried off the first prize for paternal affection in a competition of all the fathers of the universe. Mrs. Twiddles, the partner of his joys, was what you would call a comfortable woman. She was rather stout, like

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Tommy; like Tommy, too, she was amiable and kindhearted; and seeing her presiding at the dinner or tea-table, her round eyes beaming with good-humour, and her plump cheeks dimpling with habitual smiles, it was impossible to resist the mental exclamation, 'What a lucky fellow Tommy is to have such a wife!'

Brown, whose wife is a beauty, used to say, 'I would give all Mrs. B.'s looks for half of Mrs. Tommy's good-humour.' As for myself, I do

believe, that if Mrs. Tommy had had more command over her h's, I could have worshipped her.

I do not know if Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Twiddles (previous to the dreadful discovery) ever entered themselves for the Dunmow flitch; but had they done so, I make no doubt whatever they would have won it. Mrs. Tommy never had an angry word to say to her husband. It was always 'my love' and 'my dear,' and Tommy's return was in-



variably 'my love' and 'my pet.' I know there are hypocritical people who keep up this sort of thing before company and then shie tea-cups at each other immediately they are alone. But I am sure that such scenes never disgraced the domestic hearth of the Twiddles. I am certain that Tommy never did such a thing; but if he had gone home at two in the morning with a binocular affection of the vision, an eccentric action of the

diaphragm, and an irregular movement of the legs, Mrs. Tommy would have said no more than, 'La! Tommy, dear, how came you so?'

But Tommy never gave his wife any occasion for reproach. He was not a club man, and when he went out to spend the evening at a theatre, a concert, or an exhibition, he invariably took Mrs. Tommy with him. The even course of Mr. and Mrs. Twiddles' wedded love was really

phenomenous, considering their great disappointment with regard to family. It not unfrequently happens in such cases, after a certain time, that the wife takes to tracts and the husband to drink. The mildest form is, perhaps, lap-dogs on the female side and a new system of astronomy on the male. I knew a husband once, who, under the influence of domestic disappointment, wrote an elaborate treatise to prove that Galileo was a fool, while his wife changed the current of her thoughts by practising on the flute. In another very serious case, the wife turned Mormon, converted her husband to the same doctrines, and went out to the Salt Lake to share his affection with five young ladies of Utah. In case any one should think I am joking, I may as well state that this is a fact.

But Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Twidles were not persons of this class. The lamp of their affection burned too steadily to admit of any sudden flare up of the kind I have indicated. The lamp of their affection was, I may say, a moderator, which Tommy, or Mrs. Tommy, every now and then screwed up and down as occasion required. It was always well supplied with oil, and it was trimmed regularly, and consequently it never flickered or went out, or broke the glass, or made a smother. Three canary birds, a brindled cat, and a poll-parrot, constituted the whole extent of the dissipation in which Mrs. Tommy ever permitted herself to indulge. As for Tommy, he found a most efficient safety-valve in purchasing Rembrandts and Correggios at twelve and sixpence each (more or less), and cleaning, and varnishing, and framing them with his own hands. If they had any other weakness, it was one they shared in common—that very delightful weakness, never yet fully appreciated, of being kind to other people's children. What a wise and merciful dispensation in the economy of nature is a maiden aunt, or a bachelor uncle, or a couple like Mr. and Mrs. Tommy, with large hearts and no offspring of their own! These blessed people are one of the great compensating balance-wheels in the social machine.

Society could never get on without them. They are the good fairies in the great pantomime of life. Who is it, when Thompson's quiver is getting choke full of arrows, that takes one out and feathers, and polishes, and points it, and makes it ready for the battle of life? Why the maiden aunt, or the bachelor uncle, or the comfortable couple, like Mr. and Mrs. Tommy, who have no little arrows of their own. Mr. and Mrs. Tommy were always polishing, and feathering, and pointing the arrows of other people. And so many did they take in hand, and so tenderly did they smooth them into shape, that strangers often gave them credit for being the real proprietors of the arrows, and congratulated the arrows on having such a nice soft quiver to repose in. The way in which Tommy would tip some long, lanky, shaft of a nephew with a pair of new boots, feather him out with a new suit of clothes, and have him polished off at a classical academy at his own cost, was a sight for—I may say—a father to weep tears of gratitude over. And Mrs. Tommy, how she delighted to bark a female sapling and trim it, and point it, and bend it in the way it should grow!

Alas! that any dark shadow should ever have fallen upon that hearth—a hearth for ever glowing with the ardent fires of love and radiant with the warmth of kindness. But a dark shadow did fall upon it (after many days of brightness) as I shall now proceed to relate.

One day Tommy informed his wife that he was going out on business. That was nothing, of course; if that had been all. But it was not all. Hitherto, when Tommy went out, whether on business or pleasure, it had been his habit to tell his wife what was the precise nature of the business, or pleasure, on which he was bent. If he were going into the City to draw his dividends, he would say so, like a man; and if he were going to a champagne breakfast in honour of a new chicken-hatching machine, he would be equally confidential in letting his wife know all about it. But on this dark and portentous occasion, Tommy merely said that he was 'going out

on business,' without vouchsafing any further information. And he went out accordingly.

'It's very odd,' said Mrs. Twiddles to herself; 'I never knew Tommy go away like that before, without telling me where he was going and what he was going to do. And he very nearly went away without kissing me, too. Surely he cannot——' But no; Mrs. Twiddles would permit no unworthy thoughts to enter the pure temple of her mind. 'Perhaps it was only inadvertence on Tommy's part; he had been learning French lately, and trying his brain too much.'

So Mrs. Twiddles thought no more about the matter until Tommy came home to dinner at six o'clock. How was it? he was not so talkative as usual; he appeared rapt in thought, and did not eat with his accustomed appetite. Mrs. Twiddles ventured to ask him if he was not quite well, or if anything had annoyed him.

Oh, no, no; he was quite well, nothing had annoyed him, nothing whatever; and Tommy immediately assumed his usual gaiety. Mrs. Twiddles, however, looking at him with the discerning eyes of love, could see that Tommy was not quite at ease in his mind.

'He's studying too much at the French, that's what it is,' said Mrs. Twiddles to herself, as she saw her husband, immediately after dinner, betake himself to his Ollendorff. 'You musn't study so closely, my pet,' she said, gently taking Ollendorff away from him; 'you'll injure your health, my pet.'

'Oh, nonsense, my dear,' said Tommy, sharply, seizing Ollendorff quite roughly and putting it in his pocket; 'it's too bad of you to bother me in this way.'

'Tommy!' This was the one word which Mrs. Twiddles, in reproachful tones, uttered in reply. The rest of her speech was a tear—a great burning drop from a wounded heart. It fell upon Tommy's hand, and seemed to scald him.

'You never said that word to me before, Tommy.'

'What word, my pet?'

'Bother,' said Mrs. Twiddles, sobbing.

'Did I say "bother," dear; then I won't say it again; there—there—there.'

The repetition of the word 'there' signalized a process of reconciliation which I need not further explain to the intelligent reader.

Mrs. Twiddles was reassured, but only for a time. Tommy had always been a sound sleeper, but now he muttered and started during his slumbers, and often gave utterance to strange incoherent words, which the partner of his bosom was wholly unable to interpret. Day after day, too, he went out on business without telling his wife where he was going, or what object he had in view. Mrs. Twiddles noticed that the time of his going out was invariably half-past eleven, and the time of his return about five; and always when he came home, he was dusty, and dirty, and fatigued. What could have come to Twiddles? His conduct was exceedingly strange; indeed, it was getting wild and eccentric. When left alone, he could be heard pacing the room and talking to himself, sometimes in even and subdued accents, and again in tones of indignation and anger. On several occasions, when Mrs. Twiddles burst in upon him suddenly, he ceased his talking, dropped into a chair, and appeared to be absorbed in Ollendorff. But the moment her back was turned, the stamping and talking would begin again.

Mrs. Twiddles became very unhappy. Tommy was no longer the kind, affectionate, comfortable man he had been. He was sadly, terribly changed. Was it his heart? no, no. Mrs. Twiddles would not admit the thought. His heart beat for her as it had ever done. It was not his heart, it was his head. Too much study of Ollendorff had touched his brain.

Estranged affection on the part of her husband would have been a crushing blow to Mrs. Twiddles; but this discovery was scarcely less painful. What if he should get worse, become violent, and required—Mrs. Twiddles paused at the terrible word which was about to rise to her lips. And no wonder; for that terrible word was—'a strait

waistcoat.' What would the warmest heart be worth if it beat under such a covering as that? As Mrs. Twiddles contemplated the dreadful case, she sat in the seclusion of her own apartment and wept. In the midst of her anguish, she heard her husband stamping and raving in the room below. Mrs. Twiddles spent much time in deep and anxious reflection. How should she act? should she mention her suspicions to the family—to Tommy's brother John, and his uncle Godfrey? No; she would avoid exposure as long as possible. Perhaps it was only incipient, after all—possibly nothing more than the temporary result of a disordered stomach. Still she thought it would be well that the doctor should see her husband. Dr. Toovey was a discreet man, and she could trust him. And yet she did not like to mention her suspicions even to Dr. Toovey. If she called him in it must be for the express purpose of seeing Twiddles. That might make Twiddles worse. How should she act? Mrs. Twiddles would have given anything for some one to take counsel with, but she feared to betray the suspicion which haunted her mind. At length her woman's love and woman's delicacy devised an expedient. She herself would feign illness and call in Dr. Toovey, and then she would ask him if he didn't think Twiddles looked ill. She would look in the doctor's face for a confirmation, or otherwise, of the terrible dread that oppressed her. Dr. Toovey came and saw both Mrs. and Mr. Twiddles, and when the former asked him how he thought the latter looked, his answer was, 'Never saw Mr. Twiddles look better, ma'am.'

'Indeed, doctor!' said Mrs. Twiddles.

'Yes, ma'am,' said Dr. Toovey; 'Mr. Twiddles is blessed with a strong constitution and a happy disposition.'

'I am glad to hear you say so, doctor; but I was afraid—that is, I thought—that he was not looking so well as usual, and—'

'Oh, ma'am, I assure you, you are mistaken.'

'But, doctor, don't you notice

something — something — strange about his eyes?'

'I think not, ma'am.'

'Not a fixed gaze, sometimes?'

'I can't say that I have observed it.'

'And then a restlessness?'

'My dear Mrs. Twiddles, your solicitude leads you to suspect—'

'Indeed, doctor, I do suspect—you know what I suspect; I read it in your face; tell me, doctor, what has Twiddles got?'

'Madam!' said Dr. Toovey; 'it is right that you should know it. Mr. Twiddles has got, if any man ever had—'

'What?' said Mrs. Twiddles, anxiously, and energetically seizing the doctor's arm.

'The *mens sana in corpore sano*, ma'am,' said the doctor.

'Good gracious!' said Mrs. Twiddles; 'is it dangerous?'

'Dangerous?' said Dr. Toovey; 'ha, ha! I see you don't quite understand the classics. What I mean is, that your husband has a sound mind in a healthy body.'

'Oh!' said Mrs. Twiddles; 'then he is sound?'

'Sound as a roach; and so are you, my dear madam; only a little nervous. I'll send you a draught and you'll be all right to-morrow. Good morning, Mrs. Twiddles, good morning.'

Mrs. Twiddles was relieved. It was not Tommy's mind that was affected; but still, though she was no doctor, she felt assured that there was something the matter with him. Why did he shut himself up in his room? Why did he talk to himself? And why, above all, did he withhold his confidence from *her*? Perhaps his business affairs had gone wrong, and he did not like to annoy her by the disclosure.

Her suspicion in this direction was in some degree confirmed on the following day by the arrival of a person who wished to see Mr. Twiddles *privately*. The person was of Jewish aspect, and carried in his hand a large carpet-bag. When this person entered Mr. Twiddles' room, which he did at Mr. Twiddles' special desire and request, Mrs. Twiddles, who was on the stair, heard the key

turned in the lock. Mrs. Twiddles, for the first time in her life, did a thing which her soul abhorred. She went and put her eye to the keyhole to watch her husband. She could see nothing. She put her ear to the keyhole. She could hear something; she heard this. 'You trust to me, Mr. Twiddles; I'll manage everything for you.'

'Very well, Mr. Levi; but mind, not a word to any one in the house about this affair. Don't answer any questions if you're asked. I wouldn't have my wife know it on any account.'

Mrs. Twiddles nearly fainted as she heard these words, and she had hardly time to get away from the door when Mr. Levi came out. It was now evident to her that Tommy was in some serious difficulty, but what was it? What difficulty could a person like Mr. Levi help him out of? Had his affairs gone wrong? Was he in want of money? Why had he not consulted her? She had been saving for years, and had nearly a hundred pounds in threepenny pieces in the top left-hand drawer of the mahogany chest. And, perhaps, Tommy was borrowing at sixty per cent., and taking half out in Rembrandts and Correggios. With a generous heart and a resolute hand, Mrs. Twiddles proceeded to her bed-room, opened the top left-hand drawer, took out her box of threepenny pieces and hurried away to her husband's sanctum to lay the treasure at his feet. Tommy was not in the room; he had gone down stairs to show Mr. Levi out. Mrs. Twiddles no sooner remarked this, than her eye caught sight of a piece of paper, resembling a folded letter, lying on the floor near the door. It had evidently been dropped inadvertently. She picked it up with the intention of putting it on the table. As she took it in her hand, a sudden thought seized her. She hesitated for a moment and then opened the paper. The instant she looked at it, she started violently, and the threepenny pieces rattled responsively in the cigar-box in which they were treasured. Mrs. Twiddles immediately retreated to her room with the paper in her

hand, and there, in silence and seclusion, she read these words:—

'DEAREST ONE,

'Be assured that I love thee; love thee to distraction. The proofs that I have received of thy love leave me no room to question the sincerity of thy avowals. Thou hast no rival in my affections. He who pretends to be so is unworthy of my love. I leave him in thy hands. I know thou canst defend my honour and thine own. Thou sayest thou wilt forsake all for me. Noble, generous, devoted man! Meet me to-night at the accustomed trysting-place, that in impassioned accents I may speak the burning words of love I cannot write, lest they should set the paper in a blaze.

'Ever thine,

'ANGELINA.'

As Mrs. Twiddles read the last word of this startling missive, she dropped the cigar-box, and the threepenny pieces were dashed in a silver shower all over the floor. She heeded them not. What were threepenny pieces? what were millions? What was the whole world to her, now? now that she knew the terrible truth, now that her peace was destroyed and her happiness wrecked; now that her heart was crushed and her hopes blighted for ever; now that she knew her Tommy was false? 'Oh, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy!'

In the anguish of her heart these were the only words that Mrs. Twiddles could utter. And as she uttered them, she sat on the floor among the threepenny pieces and wrung her hands.

It was the heart after all. Tommy had ceased to love her, ceased to love her after all these years of happiness, and now loved another. For fully half an hour love and vengeance struggled in Mrs. Twiddles' breast for the mastery, and love prevailed. This Angelina! who was Angelina? Perhaps some abandoned, designing woman who sought her husband's ruin. She would see Tommy, argue with him, reason with him, show him the precipice upon which he stood, and gently lead him back from the yawning gulf to the paths of duty and happiness. With this loving and forgiving thought in her breast, Mrs. Twiddles rose from the floor and picked up her threepenny

pieces. She had just put the last one into the cigar-box, when her husband entered the room, and in a gay, off-hand manner, said, 'My dear, I am going out this evening, and as I shall not be home till late, you need not wait supper for me. Good-bye, my pet,' and with these words, Mr. Twiddles went up to his wife and kissed her.

Mrs. Twiddles was so staggered by the cool audacity of this proceeding that she was unable to utter a word. She saw it all at a glance. Tommy was going to meet Angelina at the accustomed trysting-place, and with this base design in his breast, he could come up to *her*, his lawful wife, and mock her with a kiss! Mrs. Twiddles could not have believed in such baseness, such perfidy, such unblushing hypocrisy! The struggle between love and vengeance was renewed, and this time vengeance obtained an easy victory. She hurriedly put on her bonnet and shawl, and waited in her own room until she heard her husband go out at the front door. She followed immediately and reached the street just in time to see the faithless Twiddles turn the corner. The darkness was now mercifully falling to aid the cause of outraged and trusting love. Mrs. Twiddles was soon at her husband's heels and she could hear him muttering, 'My Angelina! Oh, my Angelina!'

'The wretch!' This word, which had been struggling for expression for the past hour, at length escaped the quivering lips of the infuriated matron. Her fingers, in obedience to the natural impulse of the female breast (under such circumstances) were itching to clutch Tommy's hair and make their mark upon Tommy's cheek. But no: she would defer her vengeance until she could heap it upon his head with the additional force of detection. She would wait until she caught him at the feet of Angelina.

It was a cold night, and Mr. Twiddles proceeded on his mission of mystery appropriately wrapped in a black cloak. Now and then at turnings, Mrs. Twiddles lost sight of her husband; but in following hurriedly, she soon discovered him again by

his black cloak. He turned from Oxford Street into the regions of St. Giles's, passed through a narrow and dark lane into Long Acre, and thence into Bow Street, Mrs. Twiddles following close at his heels. At a certain window, Mr. Twiddles paused, apparently to reconnoitre. He looked in at the window and up at the sign over the door and then hurriedly entered the shop. Luckily he left the door open behind him, which enabled Mrs. Twiddles both to see and hear what was going on within. There was nothing particular to see in the place, but what Mrs. Twiddles heard was rather startling.

'Is my sword ready?' said Mr. Twiddles.

'It is, sir,' replied another voice.

'Is it a good one to fight with?'

'Yes, sir; you'll find it very light and handy; your antagonist has got one exactly the same length.'

'Good,' said Mr. Twiddles; 'I will take it with me.'

And the next instant, Mrs. Twiddles saw her husband emerge from the shop with the hilt of a sword peeping out from the folds of his cloak. A terrible thought immediately took possession of her—a thought which proved that the desire for vengeance had not yet stifled all her love. She remembered that in the fatal letter which had disturbed her peace for ever, mention was made of a rival whom the perfidious Angelina urged Twiddles to dispose of.

Twiddles was going to fight a duel for the sake of Angelina.

All thought of revenge gave way to anxiety for her husband's safety, and Mrs. Twiddles was about to rush forward and throw her arms round his neck, when Tommy hurriedly jumped into a Hansom cab and was driven off. Mrs. Twiddles frantically rushed after the vehicle and called her husband's name, but in vain; she could not overtake it, and the sound of her voice was drowned by the rattle of wheels. She did not, however, lose her presence of mind. She immediately called another cab, jumped in, and instructed the driver to follow the Hansom and not lose sight of it until it stopped. The

man obeyed her instructions with evident relish. Possibly he had been a foxhunter in his better days, and the task upon which he was engaged, recalled the pleasures of the field. Regarding Mr. Thomas Twiddles as the fox of this chase, I may say that he broke cover in Bow Street, dashed away up Endell Street, skirted along through Oxford Street, and there, being closely pressed by that eager sportswoman, his wife, took refuge among the intricate windings of Soho.

The Hansom stopped, and Mr. Twiddles got out. Mrs. Twiddles pulled the check-string of her four-wheeler, and got out also. As she was paying the driver she saw Tommy turn quickly to the right and disappear. She hurried after him. He had gone down what appeared to be a mews. Mrs. Twiddles followed, in great excitement, over the rough stones, never for a moment losing sight of the figure in the cloak. The mews merged into a timber yard, and Tommy still stalked on. It was a dark, gloomy place, lighted by a single lamp, and the houses on either side appeared to be unoccupied. It was a secluded spot, well adapted for a deed of violence or darkness. In the increasing frenzy of her terror, Mrs. Twiddles ran forward to seize her husband; but before she could get within a dozen yards of him he had disappeared. She saw that he had entered a door in the house which barred up the end of the passage and made it a cul-de-sac. In another instant she was at the door, and dashed herself against it with all her force, but it was secured within. It was a rough, unpainted door, with many cracks and knot-holes in it, and discovering one of the latter, Mrs. Twiddles put her eye to it and saw Tommy proceed along a passage and up a stair. A few minutes afterwards, she heard the clash of swords. She had no doubt that it was Tommy and his rival in deadly conflict. She seized the door again, madly, and shook it in the desperate hope of being able to burst it open. It resisted all her efforts. She called aloud at the top of her voice, but there was no response. At

length, as she was about to rush away to seek the aid of the police, the door opened, and a boy emerged into the yard. Mrs. Twiddles ran to the spot, and, to her great relief, found the door unfastened. She rushed along the passage, and up the stair, and found herself on a dark landing. The clash of swords had ceased, and for some minutes all was silence. At length she heard the sound of Twiddles' voice, and she breathed again. He was not slain. But oh, horror, what is this she hears?

'My Angelina! oh, my Angelina! thus upon my knees—'

It was Twiddles' voice, and it proceeded from the right-hand room. Mrs. Twiddles fairly dashed at the door and threw it open; and there, in an elegantly furnished room, she beheld a sight which rooted her to the spot. It was Twiddles on his knees at the feet of a lady. And what added to the startling nature of the situation was, Mr. Twiddles' fantastic costume. He was arrayed in a doublet and trunks, and wore yellow boots with lace tops and a slouched hat with a red feather.

Mrs. Twiddles was rooted to the spot only for a moment. After the first shock of the discovery, she made a dash at Twiddles and seized him by his point-lace collar.

'Don't, my dear, don't,' said Twiddles, pitifully.

'Your dear, indeed!' said Mrs. Twiddles. 'I wonder you have the impudence after the way you have deceived me with that hussy.'

'Who do you call hussy, ma'am, I should like to know?' said the lady in sky-blue satin, at whose feet Twiddles was kneeling.

'I call you, hussy,' retorted Mrs. Twiddles, with emphasis; 'haven't I caught him on his knees to you—'

'Allow me to explain, my love,' Twiddles interposed.

'Explain, indeed!' said Mrs. Twiddles; 'a pretty thing to explain. You thought to deceive me, but I found that woman's letter to you, and there it is.'

At this moment, a number of persons, male and female, all dressed in fantastic costume, entered the room, and among them was Brown.

'My dear Mrs. Twiddles,' said Brown, going up to the enraged lady.

Mrs. Twiddles stared with amazement. Why, what does all this mean?

'It only means, Mrs. Twiddles,' said Brown, 'that Tommy, entirely at my instance—I'll take all the blame—is going to indulge to night in a little private theatrical entertainment at the Nonsuch Theatre, in the green-room of which we are now assembled.'

'And that lady?' inquired Mrs. Twiddles, pointing to the one in sky-blue.

'Was rehearsing with me when

you came in,' said Tommy; 'and that letter you have got there is one we use in the play.'

Mrs. Twiddles was induced to dry her tears and accept of a seat in a private box to view the performance; but owing to the excitement caused by his wife's sudden appearance in the green-room, Mr. Twiddles was not so perfect as he might have been, and the result was, that the curtain fell abruptly in the middle of the first act.

Serve him right. He had no business to join in private theatricals without letting his wife know all about it.



SOCIETY IN CROWDS.

Paris at Easter.

IT would appear to be the fate of the writer of these pages to spend a considerable portion of his time in crowds. The present age is an age of crowds. The facilities afforded by railway communication have multiplied sightseers, and concentrated multitudes, and no man now-a-days can escape the pressure of his fellows if he would look on what he wants to see. Wherever there is a point of attraction, to that point will railway-trains, omnibuses, waggonettes, broughams, dog-carts, gigs, and everything else vehicular—steam-boats, yachts, cutters, and everything else vapour or wind propellant, land-carriage and water-carriage—convey the raw material of crowds. Not that crowds—from the crush of millinery and loss of gems at St. James's, to the clang of voices and the crack of whips at Smithfield Market—are in themselves pleasant things; but they are ill that society is heir to, and must be gone through, like teething, measles, hooping-cough, mathematics, Greek, after-dinner speeches, formal declarations, and Christmas accounts.

They—that is crowds, and not formal declarations or Christmas accounts—are to be found and felt indoors and out of doors, and they are in season all the year round. Perhaps the worst variety of in-door crowd is the ball given in a house which would comfortably contain fifty persons, to which a hundred and fifty are invited, and two hundred attend. Particular friends bring particular friends with them, and the men lose each other in a maze of silk and tulle. Everybody sees acquaintances in distant and inaccessible corners of the room, but is totally strange to the visages in the immediate neighbourhood; and whiskerless lads in prodigious shirt-studs, fresh from college, or in the first blush of cornetcy or ensignhood, murmur disparagement in doorways, scowl at the men with partners, are visibly awed by the approach of crinoline, and revenge

themselves silently and solemnly upon the supper. The grandest outdoor crowd at which I ever assisted was that of which so full a description was given in the last number but one of this Magazine, and which was the only thoroughly successful outdoor crowd I ever remember to have assembled in London.

There are crowds and crowds; and, after all, they are more endurable in Paris than in London, from the greater width of the streets, the colour of the houses, the precautions of the police, and the lively good humour which is so national a characteristic, that it grumbles not at the perpetual presence of the soldiers and sergeants-de-ville, who, like the ghost of Banquo at Macbeth's feast, shake their horse-hair plumes and cocked-hats at every reunion and assemblage. This Lent last past, finding myself in Paris, I found myself, as a natural consequence, in the midst of a multitude—and I do not mean among the 'flâneurs,' whose sole business it would appear to be to sun themselves on the asphalt between the Champs Elysées and the Boulevard Montmartre, but here, there, and everywhere, for the celebration of Easter. Even during the 'Sainte Semaine' there is the Foire aux Jambons in the Place de la Bastille, which is curious from the enormous quantity of old hardware exposed for sale, and from the absence of that savoury comestible from which it derives its name. Round and about the Column of July, upon the very spot where, eighty years ago, prisoners pined in loathsome cells, old locks and old keys—appropriate emblems of the history of the locality—are bought and sold with the most violent vociferation and extraordinary gesticulation. If 'le peuple' intended to pull down the Column of July, as before they battered and buried the Bastille, they could not make greater noise. 'V'la, messieurs! v'la, mesdames!' 'Dix centimes! deux sous la pièce! Aie! aie! aie! aie! aie!

g-r-r-r-a!" 'A la fraîche, qui veut boire?' sing the limonadiers and marchands de coco, as they clink their cups together with an agreeable 'ting-ting' sort of sound. The canvas stalls or bazaars are chiefly remarkable for the women who stand behind them, in head-dresses which are the wildest compromise between windmills, ships in full sail, and avalanches on a small scale, and who incite the youths about them—for all things, including elderly men and women, are youthful at a fête in Paris—to feats of skill, address, and archery, for gingerbread and macaroons. The appetite of the Parisian populace for macaroons is wonderful—so wonderful, that it is strange it should not have engaged the attention of some scientific writer in search of a subject and a 'clientèle.'

But the various industries of a fête are not the fête itself. Commerce is but the means to an end; and one sells locks, keys, and macaroons—*voyez-vous*—to gain silver with which to seek distraction. Away, then, from the dull realities of life to the intoxicating regions of music and art. *Aux spectacles! aux spectacles!*

On the Place, towards the Rue St. Antoine, devoted to the arts, there are organs, and musettes, and cornemuses, and every variety of distraction in the way of sound. There are charlatans dressed as Peruvians and débardeurs haranguing a gaping and mocking crowd, that laughs while it believes, dispensing tooth-powder, razor-powder, pastilles, and pencils. Women, with weatherbeaten faces, in neat white closely-fitting caps, are singing, with more artistic appreciation than vocal power, as they sell ballads à la mode de Catnach. But the chief point of attraction are the two *barraques*, or shows. One of these is occupied by men dressed as tumblers, and the public is respectfully and hoarsely informed that an assaut d'armes, by one of the first professors of the science de l'escrime, is given every five minutes, in conjunction with feats of strength, address, and agility, by other ladies and gentlemen of European renown. The other, judging from its exterior, is a theatrical show, and the enter-

tainment to be seen within is advertised as 'L'Apothéose de la Prise de Pékin!' A man, dressed something like an operatic Swiss peasant—that is, very unlike a real Swiss peasant indeed—parades the platform:—*'Montez, montez, messieurs et mesdames. Deux sous!—deux sous seulement. On ne paie pas en entrant; on ne paie qu'en sortant si vous êtes content du spectacle! L'Apothéose de la Prise de Pékin. Aie! aie! aie! aie! aie! Ent-r-r-r-ex—c'est l'instant!—c'est le moment! Il y a de place pour tout le monde. Ent-r-r-ex—poussez, bousculez—ent-r-r-r-r-r-ex toujours!'*

Accepting the liberal invitation of the spirited and enterprising director of the theatre, as I thought it, I entered, and certainly saw a most extraordinary performance. The seats were very hard, and very wooden even for wooden seats, and the audience was chiefly composed of *bonnes*, soldiers, and children, very much disposed to be sympathetic, even for children, soldiers, and *bonnes*. After a duet between the barrel-organ and the drum the curtain rose, and discovered a round platform, on which stood two lads attired in pink suits of cotton, that fitted them about as tightly as modern coats and trousers. The lads stood in attitude, and were supposed to represent Cain and Abel offering sacrifice. The organ ground up again, and the platform was turned round very slowly by an old man of the true 'Paillasse' type of head, who seemed desirous that the audience should know that he, and he only, was the sole motive power that caused its rotation. The curtain fell, and re-ascended to show the tableau of 'Cain killing his brother.' The next act was 'Cain's flight,' and the curtain fell again. An *entr'acte* ensued, whose dullness was alleviated only by the indefatigable organist and the untiring drummer.

Again the curtain rose, and discovered a *tableau vivant* of 'The Crucifixion.' The boy who had personated Abel had assumed a long-haired wig and a beard, and was tied up to a cross. The man who had shouted 'Entrez, messieurs,' had put on a Roman helmet, and stood with a

spear levelled at the boy's side; and the woman who took money at the doors had thrown a loose white wrapper over her gaudy costume, and knelt at the boy's feet. The drum was silent, the organ played, and the platform revolved, the old Paillasse's head peering from behind the cross. I am bound to say that the auditors did not appear much impressed by the spectacle. The next tableau was 'The Descent from the Cross,' and the next 'The Entombment;' and the performance concluded with 'L'Apothéose de la Prise de Pékin'—a tableau of some eight persons, dressed as French and Chinese soldiers, arranged in poses redounding to the glory of the Gallic and the shame of the Celestial Empire. The woman appeared in the same white overall, or *peignoir*, with the addition of a helmet on her brow and a *drapeau* in her hand, and, I presume, represented either France, or La Gloire, or the goddess of Victory, or some such allegorical personage. Blared the trumpet, rolled the drum, wheezed the organ, and I left the *baraque*, having, for the first time in my life, witnessed a performance that reminded me of what I had read of the 'Ancient Mysteries' that, some centuries ago, were recited, sung, and mimed in the city of Chester.

On Good Friday the citizens for the most part close their shops, and the crowds flock to the churches—the celebrated St. Roche, where they give a *Stabat Mater*, being perhaps the edifice most numerous visited. The day passes more like an English Sunday than any other in the whole year. The theatres, the concert-halls, the casinos, and the thousand-and-one places of amusement in this city of pleasure are all closed and silent, and the poor worn-out *ouvreaux des loges* and smaller employes are at liberty to stay at home or visit their friends for that one evening.

On the Saturday there is another crowd, and destiny, in the disguise of a solemn 'cocher,' drives me into the thick of it. It is a vehicular and equestrian crowd, and is bound from the Champs Elysées to Longchamps. In days of yore it was the custom to

make a pilgrimage to the Abbey of Longchamps on the day before Easter Sunday—a custom that still exists, although there is no longer an abbey, and the pilgrims, instead of journeying on foot, employ elegant equipages and prancing steeds. Past the Exhibition Building—so brilliant a contrast to our shed at South Kensington—past the trees, still leafless, of the most charming of European playgrounds, under the Arc de Triomphe, down the Avenue de l'Impératrice, away we canter, roll, and trot—but very steadily, not with *entrainement*. The drive to Longchamps is evidently a duty, and, as I fancy, to some of the horsemen caracoling near me, a somewhat painful one. The best of the carriages are evidently the work of English hands. Ten years ago the panels of the coaches seen in the Champs Elysées were picked out with staring white, red, and yellow paint; the whips were of wild shape, the harness of incredible inelegance, and the whole *mise* reeked of the hippodrome. Man, horse, and wheels, were of the circus, circusy; now all is changed, and for the better. Only here and there a remnant of the old bad taste offends the eye, as in the case of that dark brougham, lined with bright orange silk, with an old gentleman with a bright orange complexion to match inside. There are plenty of pedestrians, too, bound for the Bois de Boulogne. Many elderly schoolboys, under the superintendence of young priests, walking as badly as French soldiers on the march. The young gentlemen on horseback trot with an air of inconvenienced solemnity, and have somewhat the look and air of *primi tenori* taking equestrian exercise by order of their doctors. The cavalcade, horse and foot, pass through the charming alleys and by the beautiful lake of Boulogne, look longingly at the walk that conducts to dangerous, fascinating Madrid, give a gaze at the plain of Longchamps, and so quietly back for that grand event of the day—dinner.

The Dimanche de Pâques over, and the Agneau de Pâques eaten, I am in another crowd—this time round the shop-window of the

famous Giroux, where Œufs de Pâques are exhibited. Human ingenuity must surely have exhausted itself in the artistic incubation of these wonderful eggs. Here are gold eggs, silver eggs, steel eggs, sugar eggs, papier-mâché eggs, whole eggs, eggs bisected, and baskets of eggs with hens with maternal wings outstretched over them. And what charming things these enormous eggs contain! tiny watches, tiny bracelets, tiny household furniture, small tea-services, and miniature dinner ditto. Then there are warlike eggs—eggs that must have been hatched by Bellona in person—in a nest built of ball-cartridge and cemented with damp gunpowder. Inside one will be found a Lilliputian regiment of chasseurs; in another, artillerymen, guns, carriage, sponge, &c., all complete; in a third, a sword, sabretache, cocked hat, and field-marshal's baton—veritable dragon's teeth, to sow in nurseries, to produce crops of sous-lieutenants. Could not a sweetmeat be manufactured to look like a percussion-cap? I offer the idea—surely a noble and remunerative one—to any enterprising confiseur able to read these pages.

In another crowd, the noisiest of all I ever wrestled in! It is hot Easter Monday, and I am bound for the Courses de Vincennes. The struggle is tremendous, the row awful, the heat insufferable. My friends have driven down, and I have promised to join them on the course. I must go. After three-quarters of an hour's compression, I get near the Bureau where the billets are sold. As I offer my half-franc, a rush takes place, and I am driven against a wooden barrier. There a lady, on the other side the barrier, smiles at me, and puts into my hand a five-franc piece. Is it possible that she takes me for a porter, and would bribe me? No! she says something; I bend over the barrier to catch her words, but vainly. They are drowned in the din around us. I comprehend she wishes me to take her tickets for her. But how many? The first-class fare is but fivepence, and she has given me five francs. I shout 'Combien?' She does not

hear me, but she understands, and holds up four fingers of a well-gloved hand—Italian fashion. I take five billets, am about to turn back to the lady, when I am ordered upstairs by a fierce sergent-de-ville. I wish to explain to him; he will not hear, and could not if he would. I know that he is shouting 'Montez!' and I ascend, in fear of sabres, with the comfortable conviction that the lady will write me down a swindler.

On the platform I find myself among a crowd of young men, all singing, 'Eh! Allez donc, Turlurette!' and 'J'ai un pied qui r'mue!' in different keys. I rush towards a carriage; a lady advances at the same time. I make way for her. Eh? no! yes! 'Tis she of the five-franc piece. Happy encounter! I give her her billets and her change. She thanks me with a gracious smile, and takes the last vacant seat. Every carriage is full, and I have to mount to the roof, where I again fall among the people who persist in singing 'chansons populaires.'

The course of Vincennes looks martial, as if a battle were in preparation. The tower and garrison frown upon the plain below, and the ground is kept, as at a review, by soldiers. The equipages are gay and brilliant—some of the postilions being dressed as if for a masquerade, in brigands' hats, jackets, and vests, like Mr. Tupman, at the immortal réunion of Mrs. Leo Hunter. Having a billet from the Société Générale des Steeple-chases de France for the Enceinte du Pesage, I enter that well-railed and well-regulated portion of the course; and as I am requested on the billet to carry it 'd'une manière ostensible pour éviter tout désagrément,' I do as others do, and stick it in the button of my coat, and, for the first time in my life, walk about ticketed like a shawl in a shop-window marked, 'Very chaste, 18s. 6d., or a murderer in Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors, who, being but wax, and dumb, requests, by means of a label, that he may not be touched.'

While taking a sandwich at the buffet, I am informed by a conversational and confidential English

groom that the first steeple-chase will be won by *Avalanche*, the second by *Y. Mastrillo*, and the third by *The Colonel*; and, strange to say, each prediction of this turfy prophet is verified by the result.

The grand stand is tenanted by well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and the Princess Mathilde and the Princess Murat are on the imperial pavilion—a showy little cardboard sort of erection, not unlike the singers' platform at a *Café Chantant*. The hats of the gentlemen near the princesses are removed for a moment; there is a stir on the stand and in the ring; I look up again to the pavilion, and He is there—The Emperor!

There he leans, chatting unconcernedly, and looking as if the political horizon were as serene as the beautiful blue sky above him. He is simply clad in a dark frock coat and trousers. Beneath that well-brushed hat simmers the brain and burn the projects that may either convulse or tranquillise a hemisphere; but time and toil have worn him, and he looks old—very old. 'His face is fatigued,' as say his subjects. His head is the sheath to a wonderful sword—the arsenal to ideas of extraordinary range, weight, and calibre.

Off go the hats again, and every eye is turned upon the Empress, who looks very beautiful and very pale. She wears a blue silk dress, as also does the Princess Murat, with whom she converses. After the first course, the Imperial couple descend into the *Enceinte* and walk about, but not together. The Emperor and the Imperial Prince—a noble-looking little fellow—promenade up and down as if they were on their own private lawn. The Prince has the air and bearing of a gentleman—an advantage not possessed by his august papa; and it is as impossible not to look upon the boy with interest as not to wonder whether he will ever inherit the brilliant destiny prepared for him by the astute personage whose hand he holds, like a thorough lad who loves his father.

The steeple-chase of Easter Monday was only the second that had

been run for at Vincennes, and was a marked success. A ditch was filled with water, and two or three hedges and artificial banks had been erected; one of such formidable dimensions, that almost every time it was attempted a saddle was emptied. The order of the course ran—*Prix de l'Administration des Naras*, 1^{re} catégorie, 5,000 francs; *Prix de l'Administration*, 2^{me} catégorie, 3,000 francs; and the *Prix des Tribunes (Handicap)*, gentlemen riders, 3,000 francs. This last chase was contested for by the *Vicomtes de Masson*, de *Lignières*, *A. Talon*, de *Merlemont*; the *Comtes de St. Sauveur*, du *Bourg*, de *Cossette*, and *Captain Hunt*, who rode the winning horse. The gentlemen riders of France rode well and fearlessly.

The Emperor's carriage is ordered, and the Emperor and Empress ascend. 'Par la droite!' orders the Emperor, in a stern military growl, and they move off slowly, amid the cheers of their subjects. There is another handicap for all horses, but nobody stays to see it. The Emperor is gone and his lieges follow. As we drive away amid the crowd, the dust, and the din, I recognise the lady of the five-franc piece, seated in a sort of omnibus with the roof off. She smiles; I bow. She points me out to a highly shaved, burly man, with a thick throat—no doubt, her husband, to whom she has related the charming anecdote of our encounter at the Bureau, for he takes off his hat to me with grim solemnity, and two black-eyed, olive-complexioned children are hoisted up from somewhere or other to gaze on the amiable Englishman who was so 'gentil' for 'maman.'

Another wrestle with another crowd, an intolerably slow train, and Paris again, at last. Dinner, and at about ten o'clock another crowd at the *Foire au Pain d'épices*, at the *Barrière du Trône*—an institution exactly equivalent to our *Greenwich Fair*. Behold, *messieurs et mesdames* the English, that which it is, the life of the Easter Monday in the beautiful city of Paris!

London Editors.

NO. I.

NEWSPAPER EDITORS AND POLITICAL WRITERS.

IT is a curious speculation to imagine what the life of Englishmen at the present day would be without newspapers. Suppose that on some morning London were to wake up only to find, as her sister capital across the Channel once did, that, for all practical purposes, an extinguisher had been put upon her daily and weekly press—that the broad sheet which now forms as necessary a feature of the breakfast-table as the boiled egg or the fried chop, had either disappeared altogether, or had shrunk into less than its usual dimensions, with all its vitality squeezed out of it, a sapless, tasteless mummy of its former self. How would they bear it? What would they think?—we will not ask what they would say, for in the case supposed, 'saying would be rather a dangerous process'—when they found that that which made the life and charm of their favourite journal—the free, outspoken utterances in politics, art, and religion had all disappeared from its columns, and nothing remained but the mere husk—a record of trivial facts, or a depository of arbitrary state decrees. It is difficult to imagine how Englishmen would comport themselves under such novel circumstances; and, happily, it is just as difficult to imagine a state of things in the country that would render such a catastrophe possible. Until it does occur we are never likely to know how much we have come to be dependent upon our newspapers; what a source at once of instruction, and amusement, and enjoyment they are. The old Whig toast of 'The freedom of the press—it is the air we breathe, without it we die,' derived, no doubt, much of its celebrity at the time from what was conceived to be the cleverness of its paradox; but it has come now to be a nearly literal assertion of the state of the case. We breathe our newspaper opinions; and so all-

embracing are they, and so unconsciously do their ideas glide into our minds, that, like the air, we are unconscious of their pressure. They have grown with the growth of the nation; and so readily have they adapted themselves to the changing moods and tones of public opinion that we cannot wonder at, though we do not agree with the opinion, that it is, in fact, they who cause them. In reality, the press is but the depository of the general thought; but then it is an engine of such exquisite organization, and such marvellous power—so quick to catch the first droppings of thought—so subtle to transmute it into its own shape, and so skilful to present in sharp and vivid outline that which at first floated before men's eyes in dim and filmy haze, that men have been startled with this brilliant transformation, and have called that an origination which was but a reduction to definite form of the luminous nebula of public opinion.

It was not always so. The mighty engine, as it is now the fashion to call it, had but a slack hold on the popular mind at its first rise; and for long afterwards, like all great powers, its beginning was obscure, and it proceeded onward by slow and almost imperceptible growth. The first rise of newspapers is even now a literary puzzle; and no wonder, for men have not yet quite settled in their own minds what a newspaper is. When the taxes on the press were recently under discussion, several ingenious modes of evasion were resorted to; and it used to be triumphantly asked, How can a sheet of news printed on *linen* be called a newspaper? The authorities at the Inland Revenue Office were fairly driven to their wits' end; and after several gallant but hopeless efforts to furnish forth a definition that should be at once wide enough and minute enough to em-

brace all phases of the subject, they gave up the task in despair. The tax abolitionists chuckled over their inability, and profited by their unskilfulness; but the truth is that the same difficulty in another shape has beset all who have applied their attention to the subject. Were the *Acta Diurna* of Rome, set up in the public places from day to day, and of which the few fragments that have floated down to us certainly bear a strong resemblance to what our modern editors class under the title of 'News of the Day'—were these newspapers in the proper sense of the word? Or the 'news-letters' despatched from London to the old manor-houses in the country, where they furnished matter for speculation to the knights and squires of the days of Elizabeth—were these newspapers as we now understand the term? 'Why not?' say some; 'both the classical acts and the more modern, though now long obsolete "letters," contain that which is the essence of every newspaper—information of what is going forward in the great world without.' 'But how can they have been newspapers?' say others; 'they were not printed; they had no publicity; they could not pass from hand to hand like an ordinary sheet of intelligence.' Far be it from us to attempt to compose this strife, or to lead our readers through the arid paths that would be necessary to come to a right conclusion. It is enough to say, however, that out of these news-letters arose the germ which has since burgeoned forth into the glory of the modern broad sheet. Who first hit on the happy contrivance of keeping their correspondents acquainted with the secrets of the Court, the intrigues of politicians, and the fashionable gossip of the wits and gallants whose amalgamation has since come to be designated 'The Town,' and to do all this as a regular matter of trade, is unknown; it is probably as old as the art of writing itself. As early as the year 1622, an innovation had arisen, of slight account at first, but destined to work wonders. One of these professional news-writers, a Mr. Nathaniel Butter, whose correspon-

dence had probably become more extensive than he could conveniently get through, bethought him of saving the manual labour involved in multiplying so many copies by having it printed. Men did not readily see what the new change portended. It is said that Sir Walter Scott kept a whole dinner-party in convulsions of laughter, with an account told in his own inimitably *pusky* humour, of the extravagances of a lunatic, whose premises he had been visiting during a recent visit to London, and who had conceived the ineffably absurd idea of lighting up all the streets of London with gas; and his predecessors, the literary men of James's time, were not gifted with a higher sense of prophetic vision in the matter of the part-printed newspaper. Ben Jonson made it the subject of his rough, horse-play raillery in his comedy of the *Staple of News*, in which he did not disdain to make fun out of the name of the printer—

'Oh, you're a butter woman,'

says the manager to a country wife who had come to the office to buy a groat's worth of news to carry down to her vicar in the country,

'Oh, you're a butter woman; ask Nathaniel' ;

Jonson's heroes, however, are all of the old school; they stand up for the propriety of the old letter; as one of them says—

'We will forbid that any news be made

But that be printed; for when news is printed
It ceases, sir, to be news; while 'tis but written,
Though it be ne'er so false, it seems news still.'

To keep up the dignity and the credit of the old profession, they have digested the mode of obtaining news into a system. The old way was that the news-writer

'Was wont to get

In hungry captains, obscure statesmen, fellows
To drink with him in a dark room in a tavern,
And eat a sausage.'

All that was now to be changed; and credited agents, or 'emissaries,' were to go out to the busy haunts of the London of that day and collect the news and the opinions that were floating about there, which were afterwards to be sorted, sifted,

catalogued, and published in divers forms, to suit all tastes and tempers; while the fidelity and the assiduity of these emissaries were to be secured by giving them a share in the venture. When the managers of 'The Times,' according to Mr. Kinglake's graphic sketch of them, were on the out-look for public opinion—

'They many years ago employed a shrewd, bile clergyman, who made it his duty to loiter about in places of common resort, and find out what people thought upon the principal subjects of the time. He was not to listen very much to extreme foolishness, and still less was he to hearken to clever people. His duty was to wait and wait until he observed that some common and obvious thought was repeated in many places and by numbers of men who had probably never seen one another. That one common thought was the prize he sought for, and he carried it home to his employers.'

When they did this, they probably little thought that they were but imitating Master Cymball and his four emissaries:—

'Whereof my cousin, Flitfisher, for Court,
Ambler for Paul's, and Bur for the Exchange;
Retzork for Westminster.'

It is easy to understand that, however the wits of Jonson's class might see in the rivalry between the written and the printed sheet only food for their coarse jeerings, by the vested interests that had grown up around the professional news-writer, the printed innovation would at once be understood in its true character as portending them no good. No doubt they would fight hard and furiously against it, and vilify the printed paper in every possible way; and for a long time the battle was far from being a losing one to them. It was true, as one of Jonson's characters expressed it, that 'news printed ceases to be news,' or rather the circumstances of the times were such that no printer who valued his ears, or wanted to avoid the attentions of the Star Chamber, would venture to print the only kind of news that the people cared to read. For authority was then hedged round with sharp and subtle fences; and those who ventured into questions of home politics, of however innocent

a character, were soon made aware, by sad experience, that there were more man-traps and spring-guns strewed in their path than ever frightened poacher in the game preserves of the last generation. To discuss the politics of Turkey, or Hungary, or Spain, was free ground; no harm could come to a writer who gave the fullest vent to his speculations there; but even so much as to tell what our great ones at home were doing, much more to express the slightest hint of censure, was a venture which no man would engage in who had not first made up his mind to forfeit his whole property, to part with both his ears, and to encounter the rough salutations of a coarse and pitiless, though not bloodthirsty mob, from the ridiculous attitude enforced by the pillory.

Here was a great advantage of the written over the printed sheet, for while, in the nature of the case, the print could not evade the supervision of the censor, he need never know of the news-letter's existence. Written in a garret in London, closely packed among a heap of miscellaneous articles in the bags of the pack horse, or as probably carried into the country by a friendly hand, who, like Jonson's butter wife, wanted to carry a groat's worth of news to her vicar, the news-letter circulated without fear of supervision or censorship; and the news-writer could securely ply his trade in the very court where the judges browbeat and the printers trembled. Hence the intelligence of the letter was always more varied, rich, and racy than the newspaper. Scorning the peddling shreds and scraps of news about foreign nations, on which our insulated and home-loving countrymen have ever looked with contemptuous indifference, except when, as often happened, their own armies occupied the principal portion of the world's stage; or when, as now, our own flesh and blood across the Atlantic have taken it into their heads to cut each other's throats, they dealt directly with the questions that agitated all hearts at home. And even when the success of the parliamentary party abolished

the Star Chamber in 1641, not twenty years after the first appearance of a printed newspaper, and home news was for the first time allowed to appear in the printed sheet, the writers did not at once succumb. For these were the troubled days of faction, when the party in power ruthlessly suppressed all that was published in opposition to them, and the minority was driven to all secret methods of communicating with each other, of hinting of this man's defection, and that other's extravagance, and comforting each other in their forlorn condition with the hope of better times coming. And underneath all this there was a more potent attraction still—the notion that whatever was written had something exclusive, confidential, and private in it—something that had not been bleached colourless in the types and presses of the printed sheet, which, because every man might read, it was, by a pardonable fallacy, concluded any man could collect. While the letter contained news that had never been made public till it met the reader's own eye, which was not accessible to the ordinary run of news-collectors, but which the writer had the privilege of having received fresh as it occurred 'from a sure hand.' And still that spell has not lost its force, as any reader of our provincial newspapers can testify. There, in addition to all the ordinary news which it shares in common with its London and its provincial contemporaries, each country newspaper that aims at anything like respectability has its London letter, 'From our own correspondent,' where the news of the day is served up again in a more racy form, and where the writer professes to be hand and glove with all that is notable in art, letters, or politics. Sometimes even the secrets of the cabinet are ventured on, and the writer professes to describe the course of policy that has been settled on some great emergency, though he prudently guards himself at the close by some such intimation as—'At least I know such was the determination of the cabinet when they broke up at half-past three yesterday afternoon, but it is just pos-

sible that circumstances have since occurred to cause some change in their resolution.'

The great centres of modern gossip are the clubs. The centres of public life in the days of our forefathers were Whitehall and the coffee-houses. The change is in every respect unfavourable for an ordinary news-collector, more tending towards exclusiveness, isolation, and a certain stereotyped cast of thought which makes men's minds run in a common groove. It was as easy to obtain access to Whitehall in the days of the Stuarts as it is now to get into a first-class club, while the coffee-houses were as free as their modern most degenerate successors—the coffee-shops. Any man who chose to pay his penny might find admission, and might listen to the magisterial decisions of Dryden, the shrill querulousness of Pope, or the cynicism of Swift. All readers of Pepys's 'Diary' must be familiar with the entries in which the garrulous, gossiping, but at the same time prudent and shrewd old man records how, at every breath of news that reached him, he hurried down to Whitehall, there to find the galleries thronged with visitors as idle and as anxious as himself, watching the looks of the Privy Councillors as they passed by, and giving eager ear to the thousand and one rumours that buzzed about through the antechambers. And for the clubs, it would seem that Addison anticipated the device of 'The Times,' and tried now and then in sport what the shrewd, idle clergyman did habitually for a livelihood. In the sixth volume of the 'Spectator' we have an amusing account of a stroll he took through the coffee-houses on a current report of the death of the King of France, how, 'that he might begin as near the fountain-head as possible,' he first called in at St. James's, where he found the whole Spanish monarchy disposed of and the whole line of Bourbon provided for in a quarter of an hour. Afterwards he came on a host of French refugees in St. Giles's—the prototype of the modern Leicester Square—where he found them all speculating on their

re-establishment in France. The wranglers were regulating the succession to the Spanish crown, then the great question that perplexed Europe by the statute laws of England: the politicians in Fish Street were satisfied that the monarch's death would secure plenty of mackerel that season, the fishery not being disturbed with privateers, and it would also have a favourable influence on pilchards. The last coffee-house he came to contained some politicians who united stock-jobbing with their speculations, as many politicians have done since; and in the midst of an animated debate how the death would affect stocks, came the news that it was all a mistake, for the French king was in good health, which put an abrupt end to the dispute.

It must not be forgotten that most of the essays of Queen Anne's reign, whose volumes now make such a goodly array on our bookshelves, were, in fact, a species of newspaper, intended to advocate one side or another in politics. Something of this may occasionally be discovered in the 'Spectator,' the best known and most frequently perused of them all; for though Addison made it a condition that the paper should eschew party politics, yet his more ardent colleague, Sir Richard Steele, was not to be so easily restrained from sly, and sometimes from pretty outspoken, attacks on the Tories, and still less from the open admiration of his great idol—John Duke of Marlborough. But in other papers—the 'Tatler,' for instance—not only the subject of the day's essay, or, as we should say now, the leading article, is entirely political, but in the older editions, at least, we still have the shreds and scraps of news gleaned from the foreign gazettes or recording the motions of armies with more than the courtiness of a modern telegram still attached to the paper. It is amusing, after being charmed with the taste, refinement, and spirit—for Sir Richard was wanting in none of these qualities, in spite of all that Macaulay says against him,—displayed in a description of a wedding at Pancras, then a suburb,

and a walk to it being designated as a ramble in the country, to find this piece of grave news following. It is in 1709, in the midst of Marlborough's great wars:—

'Letters from the Hague dated May 4, N. S., say, that an express arrived there on the 1st from Prince Eugene to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. The States are advised that the auxiliaries of Saxony were arrived on the frontiers of their respective provinces; as also that the two regiments of Wolfenbittel and 4,000 troops from Wurtemberg, which are to serve in Flanders, are to march thither,' &c. &c.

Swift's management of the 'Examiner' in the interest of Harley and Bolingbroke, was more decidedly political than Steele's 'Tatler.' The great cynic had no idea of doing things by halves, and when he assailed an opponent, he put his whole heart and strength into the assault. How withering, for instance, is his attack on the merits and the rewards of the Whig chief—the Duke of Marlborough! Some of the Whig journals had asked what Rome would have done for Marlborough had he been one of their consuls, which drew from the dean the following comparison:—

'A victorious general of Rome, in the height of that empire, having entirely subdued his enemies, was rewarded with the larger triumph, and perhaps a statue in the Forum, a bull for a sacrifice, an embroidered garment to appear in, a crown of laurel, a monumental trophy with inscriptions. Sometimes five hundred or a thousand copper coins were struck in honour of the victory, which, doing honour to the general, we will place to his account. And lastly, sometimes, though not very frequently, a triumphal arch. * * * Now, of all these rewards I find but two which were of real profit to the general; the laurel crown made and sent him at the profit of the public, and the embroidered garment; but I cannot find whether this last was paid for by the Senate or the general; however, we will take the more favourable opinion; and in all the rest admit the whole expense, as if it were ready money in the general's pocket. Now, according to these computations on both sides, we will draw up two fair accounts, the one of Roman gratitude and the other of British ingratitude, and set them together as follows:—

A Bill of Roman Gratitude.

Imprimis,—	£	s.	d.
For frankincense, and earthen pots to burn it in . . .	4	10	0
A bull for sacrifice . . .	8	0	0
An embroidered garment . . .	50	0	0
A crown of laurel . . .	0	0	2
A statue . . .	100	0	0
A trophy . . .	80	0	0
A thousand copper medals, value a halfpenny a-piece . . .	2	1	8
A triumphal arch . . .	500	0	0
A triumphal car, valued as a modern coach . . .	100	0	0
Casual charges at the triumph	150	0	0

Total . . . £994 11 10

A Bill of British Ingratitude.

Imprimis,—	£	s.	d.
Woodstock . . .	40,000	0	0
Blenheim . . .	200,000	0	0
Post-office grant . . .	100,000	0	0
Mildenheim . . .	30,000	0	0
Pictures, jewels, &c. . .	60,000	0	0
Pall Mall grant, &c. . .	10,000	0	0
Employments . . .	100,000	0	0

Total . . . £540,000 0 0

So that, upon the whole, we are not quite so bad at worst as the Romans were at best.

But he soon grew weary of this work: one can hardly fancy that he did not like it; for he hated the Whigs with all the hate that his glowing intellect could entertain; but it may be, that he felt the constant demands made upon his time and thought too cramping; or was it that his name began to be known in connection with these papers, and that he dreaded the personal retorts and even the personal chastisement to which they might expose him? Nothing is more certain than that this great master of ridicule had, like other satirists, a marked dread of being ridiculed in turn.

The readers of his 'Journal to Stella' will be able to recal scores of passages where he expresses apprehensions that are little removed from unmanly, of personal vengeance being taken on him for some one or other of the libels he was constantly in the habit of sending forth anonymously; and still less pleasant is it to read of the exasperation he shows whenever the Whig wits have made an attack on him, and his resolution instantly to apply to the minister to have the audacious fellow who assailed him well trounced. Of course Harley knew better than to engage in any such attempt, and it was probably not without a smile that he would listen to this potent pamphleteer so sensitive to attack, and so unwilling to fight on equal terms, that whenever he was assailed with his own weapon, he ran whimpering for shelter to the arm of the secular power.

The Tory ministers refused to in-

stitute criminal proceedings even at the call of Swift; but it is not improbable that his repeated complaints against the insolence of hack writers—all writers were hacks that were opposed to him—was one of the causes that induced them to take the step which ruined, as Swift himself expressed it, 'half Grub Street,' and the consequences of which we have only within the last few years escaped from. They imposed the newspaper stamp-duty! True that duty was only a halfpenny, and it was levied with crushing impartiality upon the periodical paper and the occasional broadsheet; but it put an effectual stop to a large number of papers that, up to that time, had been in a great degree prosperous. It may excite surprise that our ancestors submitted so patiently to a measure that effectually extinguished so many lights of information. But a glance at their contents, and a reference to what has passed in our times in a neighbouring country, may help to throw some light upon the question. Louis Napoleon found it a comparatively easy matter to disarm or else to extinguish the newspapers in France that were in opposition to his rule, and to allow no opinions to get abroad except such as were in accordance with his will; because the newspaper literature of France had struck no root in the tastes and habits of the French people. They were not commercial speculations, but the organs of a party, a vehicle for the expositions of a school. They aimed high, and

were ambitious enough to embrace in their views the regeneration of society. They shot above the heads of the common people. For their amusement, the *feuilleton*, indeed, was provided, much as a farce is set to follow a tragedy in our regular drama; but between these there was nothing. The record of the little events, interesting to localities, but viewed with supreme contempt by the great world—the photograph picture of human hopes, sorrows, passions, crimes, and enjoyments, all that we call life—which goes to make up the pages of an English newspaper, were nearly altogether wanting in the pages of their French contemporaries. The writers had their own set theories to maintain, and space was too precious to be devoted to frivolities like these. They were politicians before everything, and what was worse, they were politicians in advance of, or, at all events, beside their age. Almost all of them laboured at some theory which they were conscious did not meet with general acceptance; for if it did, there could be no occasion to establish a newspaper to write it up. Hence their hold was on a clique, or a section of society, but rarely on the broad and round surface of society itself. And so, when the blow came, they had no support on the community at large to fall back upon. Each of the suppressed newspapers was nursed and mourned over by its own peculiar sect of *savans* or of politicians; but the people scarcely felt the loss or knew of the extinction. Now what has happened in our own day in France happened in the days of Queen Anne in our own country. Then, too, the political paper was a mere party organ, and was read in party circles, but took no hold on the community at large. The comparison between the two is not without its interest as showing how much in this branch, as in all the other appliances of freedom, the English people have taken the lead of their neighbours.

Not that we have much to boast of in this matter. After all, we have been but dull scholars in the art of interesting a whole people.

The practice of setting up organs to advocate special views was not destroyed by the stamp duty, nor can it even now be said to be totally extinguished. It is, in fact, the readiest and the most obvious weapon that occurs to a literary partisan. If he has something to say, he sets up his newspaper, just as the preacher of a new faith would set up his pulpit, and attempts to influence a larger auditory than could be brought within the sound of the human voice. When Bolingbroke, himself one of the authors of the stamp duty, had fallen upon evil days and evil tongues, he was fain to resort to this course. Some of his finest papers were written for the '*Craftsman*,' a journal established by a writer well known in his own day, though almost forgotten now—Nicholas Amhurst, who held himself forth to the world of letters as Caleb d'Anvera. In that journal, Bolingbroke plied his adversary, Sir Robert Walpole, with all the resources of his brilliant intellect, clothed in a style which judges have pronounced to be unsurpassed for ease and grace by any writer in the English language; and he was joined in the congenial task of maligning the great Whig chief by men far inferior to him, but of great weight in their way, such as Pulteney and other discontented Whigs, who, after long and earnest efforts, succeeded in dislodging Walpole from his pride of place, though the result was attended with little good to themselves.

Sir Robert of course, having all the good things of office in his gift, was not wanting for writers to defend his measures; but their wit and spirit were far inferior to his assailant's, and few or none of their names have been preserved from oblivion. He cared little for literature, and rather despised the wits, for which the wits, as usual, took their revenge on him. He was the best-abused man of his day, and it has been reserved for a late posterity to estimate the man in his true proportions. His master shared with him the unpopularity and the abuse to which he was subjected; and it is probable that the observation by the

Jacobins, that all the wit and all the satire then in England was employed against the reigning sovereign and his minister, was one of the causes that led to the attempt of the exiled Stuarts to recover the throne of their ancestors in 1745. In fact it needed attempts of that kind to bring out the true character of the national temper. So long as things went well the follies, the eccentricities, the vices of little George, with 'his eyes as flat in his head as those of a fish,' were the theme of never-ending sarcasm; but so soon as an effort was made to displace him, the nation showed how sensible they were of the blessings they enjoyed under his reign, and rose as one man in his defence. Who would have expected at such a crisis, for instance, to find Fielding—the jolly, reckless, easy-living Fielding—come forward as the champion of the Protestant succession? yet so it was. When the Pretender made his descent on our shores, and commenced his march southward, Fielding threw aside his follies, and in a journal called 'The True Patriot' addressed himself manfully to the task of defending the liberties of his country, and summoning others to come forward and support the constitution in church and state under which they had the happiness to live.

The name of Fielding, by a natural law of association, calls up Smollett, for Smollett, too, was a politician as well as a novelist; and his political essays, like those of Fielding, have long ago been forgotten while their novels live. But the politics of 'Roderick Random' were not exactly those of 'Tom Jones.' Smollett had a smack of Jacobitism in him, like many of his countrymen; and it was not till the accession of George III. that he, with the rest of the high Tories, came heartily to acquiesce in the Hanoverian succession. In the case of Smollett, and others of the Scotch Jacobites, much of the merit of this concession was attributable to the fact of their countryman, the Marquis of Bute, having so much influence about the court. When the young sovereign, in his speech to his first Parliament, made the celebrated boast, which stands

to this day recorded on the pedestal of his statue in the Guildhall, that he was 'born and bred a Briton,' it hardly conveyed the significance that we have now come to attach to the epithet. An Englishman had never been ashamed of his name of Englishman, and if he had been left to himself he would never have thought of encumbering himself with an *alias*. But about that time there began to creep in the habit of complimenting the residents in the northern parts of the island by an attempt to sink the distinctive appellations of Englishman and Scotchman in the common name of Briton. The thorough-going John Bulls scowled on the new-fangled phrase; but it was patronised at court, and when the youthful sovereign made use of it for his own designation, the trail of the Marquis of Bute was at once discerned in its adoption, which did not add to his popularity. 'Junius' selects it for one of the main counts of his indictment which he drew up in his celebrated 'Letter to the King.' When, a year or two afterwards, Smollett drew his pen in behalf of his countryman's administration, and entitled his paper 'The Briton,' it stood condemned at once as an advocate of the Scottish party, then supreme in court, and was treated accordingly. It never had any great success; it came to a premature and inglorious ending; and would probably long ere this time have sunk into utter oblivion had it not been that its name and existence provoked Wilkes to set up as its rival his celebrated paper 'The North Briton.' The archness of the allusion to his rival, conveyed in the very name, together with the wit, and, it must be added the profanity of its writing, gave it an immense success, and it had all the signs of a vigorous existence when its libellous matter brought down upon it the strong hand of power. The agitation into which the country was thrown by the publication of the celebrated No. 45, and all that followed it—the quarrel that ensued between the House of Commons and the London sheriffs—the subsequent quarrel between the Commons and Wilkes himself—and the issue of it

all in the abolition of arrest under general warrants, and in the right of constituents to choose what members they please—these matters belong to the general history of the court rather than to political literature. Nor need we do more than glance here at the letters of Junius, which followed at a later date, and which produced an effect upon the country that no newspaper essayist has done since. The man that came the nearest to them was William Cobbett, a man in many respects of a different stamp, and in none more different than this, that, far from seeking concealment, he gloried in the power he wielded, and put his name on the forefront of everything he wrote.

Before bringing this review of newspapers and political writers to a close, there are one or two jottings connected with them that may be thought worth preserving. It has been already mentioned that in the infancy of newspapers their staple of intelligence was the news that came from abroad. There were two reasons for this. Public life was in ordinary times much more sluggish in England than it is now, and in stirring times it became dangerous to allude to it. In proportion as the agitation increased, so did the danger of making the agitation, or the causes that led to it, a matter of newspaper comment. The Star Chamber was in the full exercise of its powers, wielding a rigorous censorship, and woe to the unlucky writer or publisher who came within its lash! It was not till the abolition of this arbitrary court—one of the many blessings which England owed to the Long Parliament—that the newspapers were free to print home news without fear of the pillory or the gaol; and they were not slow to avail themselves of the privilege. It is noted as a further instance of the liberality of feeling in that Parliament that newspapers were allowed to publish the parliamentary debates; but that statement must be received with some qualification. There was no idea of allowing the newspapers to send their own reporters, and leave them free to deal with the speeches at their own

discretion, as is now the case; that was not likely to be allowed by the men who established that censorship of the press which called forth Milton's noble plea for the liberty of unlicensed printing; nor, if they had given such a privilege, were the newspapers in a condition to avail themselves of it. What was done was doubtless an anticipation of what we now see done in France. It is true that verbatim reports were not thought of; but one of the officials about the House was instructed to draw up a *procès* of the proceedings, which, after being revised by some of the ruling men, was transmitted to the newspapers for their publication. The publication of the debates, in the modern sense of the word, was first begun in 1771, sorely against the will of the Commons: it was, in fact, that attempt which led to the great quarrel between the Commons, who sought to imprison the printer, and the Sheriffs of London, who resolved to protect him, that ended so ingloriously for the former, and secured for all time to come the right of the people to know what their representatives were doing. All readers are familiar with Dr. Johnson's occupation as a reporter, and how he clothed the ideas of Chatham, Pulteney, the elder Fox, and others, in his own sonorous language, as well as his regret in after life for having palmed off upon the public, as the speeches of these distinguished men, that which was for the most part his own composition. We need not dwell here on the often-told tale of the foundation of modern parliamentary reporting by Mr. Perry, of the now, alas! defunct 'Morning Chronicle,' who used to ensconce himself in a corner of the Strangers' Gallery, and there treasuring up in his memory, without the aid of notes, the leading ideas of the principal speakers, was able at the close to sit down and write out several columns of a readable report for the next evening's publication. A clever arrangement with the country papers in the days of the younger Pitt marks at once the straits to which the provincial journals were reduced, and the ingenuity of the Government in directing the public

opinion of the country in its own favour. For the most part, those journals were at that time miserable affairs, living entirely by the paste and scissors and files of the London journals; and even that done in the baldest and most unworkmanlike manner. This was perceived by the lynx-eyed scouts of the Home Office in Pitt's time; and a trusty agent was employed, who went over the London ministerial journals, marked those portions which they wished to be disseminated over the country in red ink, and then, making up sets of them so illustrated, sent them down to the provincial newspapers throughout the country. The managers of these sheets—we can hardly call them editors—were only too glad to receive these packets, by which both their purses and their brains were saved, and willingly inserted the articles for the sake of the gratis information. By this means both parties were gratified, the country papers were got up in a cheap and easy manner, and the great body of country readers were allowed to see nothing but what was favourable to Pitt and his administration.

We can hardly here avoid a reference to the distinction that exists between the state of public feeling in the present day and former generations, as indicated in the newspapers of those different times. And first as to the softened tone of public men and public writers in the present day, as compared with their predecessors. The lesson was hard to learn; but writers have at last found that to abuse each other is the surest way to lower their own character in public estimation. The days of rival editors launching forth their distiches against each other in the columns of their respective journals have now for many years ceased; and when Dickens satirized such men in the quarrels of the rival editors in the borough of Eatonsville, he was, in fact, writing their epitaph. The change in the treatment of public men is equally marked. We have no longer the abusive epithets, the coarse charges brought against our public men, which our ancestors delighted to

read. 'Junius' could not live in our days; Wilkes would find no readers. It is not that we are more lenient to our rulers than our forefathers were, but that we are more discriminating. Mere abuse is as distasteful now as fulsome adulation. Every charge brought against a statesman must be founded on a specific charge, and must bring its own evidence along with it, otherwise it drops unheeded to the ground. To be the best-abused man in England has more than once of late been appealed to as a mark of merit! And this relish for sharp but fair criticism, as compared with mere declamatory censure, pervades all classes, as has conclusively been shown since the late wondrous growth of cheap and popular political literature. When the removal of the taxes on literature was urged, many a man honestly believed that the adoption of such a measure would flood the country with irreligion, immorality, and sedition. The contrary has been proved to be the case. We have penny newspapers, not in the metropolis only, but in every country town in England that makes any pretension to trade and population; and, with scarcely a single exception, the cheap press is found to be as respectable in character, as moderate in tone, and as ably conducted as the average of the higher-priced papers were before the change. As newspapers, in the long run, are always what their readers make them, this is a most gratifying testimony to the high standard of the intelligence and morals in the country.

Another remarkable difference to be learned by a comparison between old and modern newspapers, is the fulness of size which characterizes the present day, as compared with preceding years. What a difference there is between the Brobdignagian double sheet of the present time and the humble four pages which existed in the time of men among us still comparatively young, and specimens of which may still be seen in some of our evening newspapers! How varied must be the interests, how wide the relationships, how many-coloured the life we lead now, as

seen reflected in the modern broad sheet! Take up a paper of the present day, and compare it with one published fifty or even thirty years ago, and one will see at once the difference in the pulsation with which the great heart of society beats. Public meetings, which now fill so many columns, were then in their infancy. The great modern institution of a member of parliament going down to 'give his constituents an account of his stewardship' was a thing undreamt of. How the residents of a rotten borough would have stared had their member come down to give them a lecture on the history of the Taepings, or the last attempt to reach the North Pole. Joint-stock companies, which now interest all men who have scraped a few pounds together, and the meetings of whose proprietors therefore properly find their way into newspaper columns, were altogether unheard of. What conception could our forefathers have formed beforehand of a London and

North-Western Railway meeting? The change of the newspaper from a single to a double sheet marked a great change coming over society. There was to be no more quiet and leisurely sauntering through life. Society was girding up its loins for a rush, and that rush has not yet been abated. Even now the pressure for space becomes every day less able to be resisted. Persons outside a newspaper office think what a difficulty the managers must have to get the paper filled. The managers themselves have a very different problem before them: the difficulty with them is what to leave out. Every day brings some new interest—some fresh influence to bear upon society: and the temptation to enlargement is only kept down by the reflection that the readers of newspapers are driven to make their selection as well as the managers, and that a constantly growing sheet of news may drive men altogether away from its perusal.

TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

IV.

AMY.

(See 'For the Opera,' from a Painting by T. F. Dicksee.)

AMY, unto you belong
Homage, love, and duty;
In this atmosphere of song,
In this realm of beauty,
Queen of all the throng!

For who else is fair
As are you to night?
And what is so rare,
And beyond compare,
As your glances bright
And your waving hair?

Who but must admire—
Watch, and never tire—
How your mantle floats
On the breath of amorous notes
Born of lute and lyre?
Who but feels a doubt
If he do not gaze—
As in dawning summer-days—
On Aurora lapt about
With a silvery haze?

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Engraving by T. P. McKim.

THE NEW YORK.

1864. The New York.

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TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

II.
J. S. I.

(See 'For the Opera,' from a Painting by T. F. De la Roche.)

A MY, unto you belong
A Homage, love, and duty;
In this atmosphere of song,
In this realm of beauty,
Queen of all the throng!

For who else is fair
As are you to night?
And what is so rare,
And beyond compare,
As your glances bright
And your waving hair?

Who but must admire—
Watch, and never tire—
How your mantle floats
On the breath of uncouth notes
Born of lute and lyre?

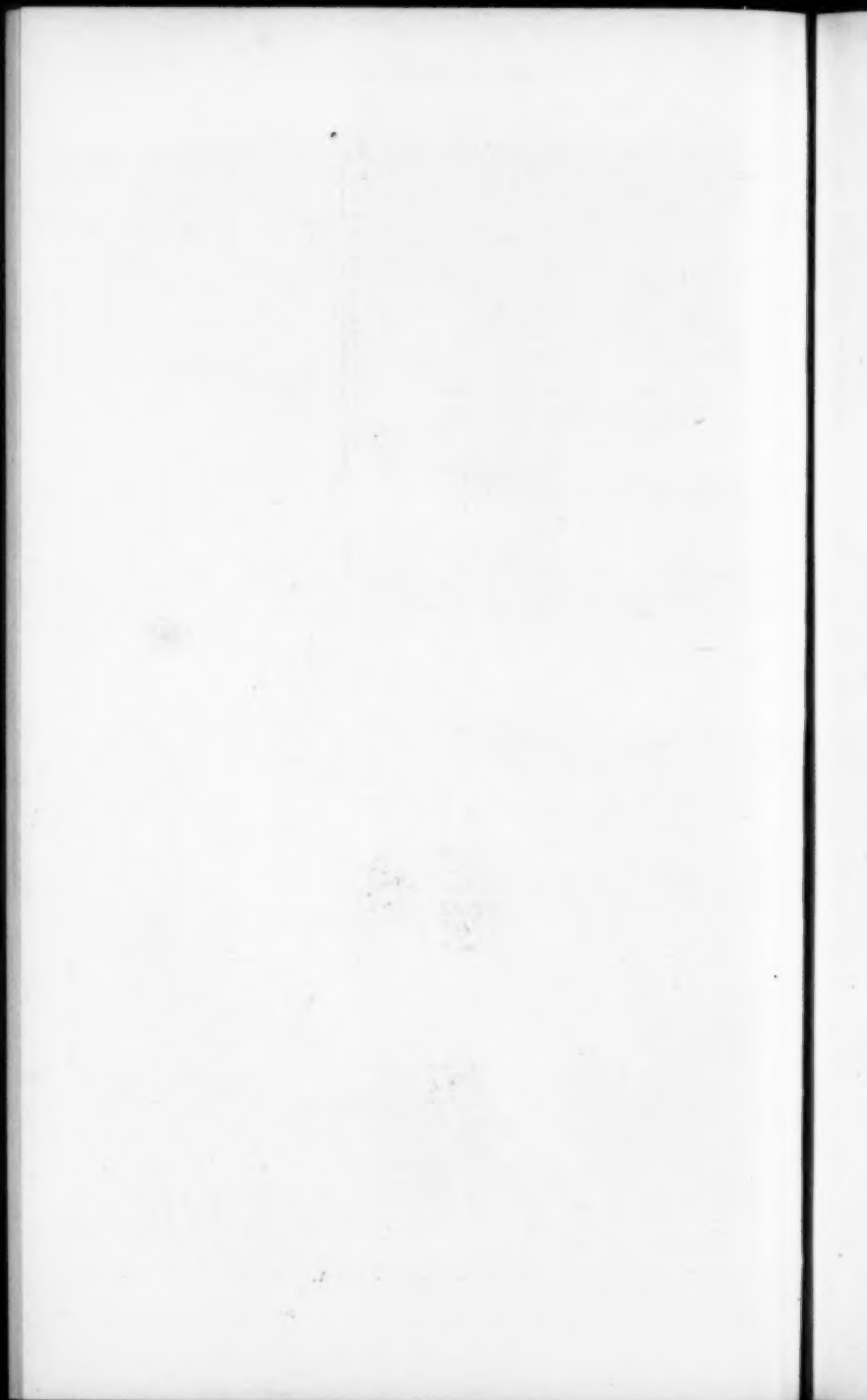
Who but feels a doubt
If he do not gaze—
As in dawning summer-days—
On Aurora lapt about
With a silvery haze?



From a Painting by T. F. Dicksee.

FOR THE OPERA.

[See "Types of English Beauty."



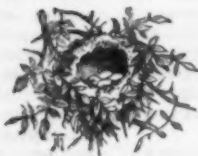
What sweet odour sighs
From that all too happy wreath,
Woven blooms of varied dyes,
Rose, and heliotrope, and heath,
Fair—yet not so fair by far
As the flowers beneath—
As those tender violets are,
Those twin buds of Paradise,
Which we mortals call your eyes!

Smile on me; and pay
For a life's devotion!
As one, cast away
On a midnight ocean,
Longeth for the day;
So I long alway,
So have ever sought,
For one smile of yours,
Counting a life's loss as nought
If it this insures!

Amy—sweetest vision,—
Vision, ah, too brief—
Glimpes of realms Elysian
To a world of grief!
Memories of your gentle face,
Silver voice, and fairy grace,
Loveliest of the lovely throng,

Queen of music and of song,
Ay shall linger round me;
And when all about me close,
Shadows of my long repose
In the gloom of that dark place,
I, with dying eyes, shall trace
Her, whose beauty bound me.

Smile on me; and pay
For a life's devotion,—
One smile, Amy, that I may
In my bosom bear away
O'er death's gloomy ocean!



CRICKETANA.

No. VII.

THE SURREY COUNTY CLUB AND ALL ENGLAND MATCHES.

WE concluded our last chapter with one of two things—Single Wicket Matches, and the heavy betting, and consequently before long the selling and 'Barnum' work it involved—which we said was very prejudicial to the character and popularity of the game.

The second danger which we reserved for comment was Itinerary Cricket—the falsely called 'All England' matches—a style of cricket which is becoming a very serious nuisance as superseding those annual contests between rival counties which used to draw forth all the talent of the land, and which used to be fought with a degree of spirit and emulation without which cricket deserves not the name.

The getting-up of an All England match in a country place is very much in this wise:—

The Secretary of All Muggleton is an elderly gentleman—no player, but an eating or a smoking member, yet ambitious to distinguish himself; and perhaps to have his photograph taken as the Father of the Muggleton Club. Whereupon, as the cheapest kind of immortality, he begins to talk about October, and goes on talking all the winter about his determination to 'book the All England Eleven' for the coming season.—He soon has a subscription list with his own name at the head, and does not doubt (till he tries) that George Parr will take 'the gate' though all the parish can creep through the hedge, instead of payment for his Eleven. But soon a polite letter comes hinting that Muggletonian enthusiasm is not so certain as to make anything less than 70*l.* or 80*l.* a sufficient consideration.

Then comes the question how to raise the wind.—Whereupon, the gentleman goes about with his subscription list in hand, trying to persuade every tradesman, and, above

all, every innkeeper within five miles round, that the All England match will be the making of the town and trade of Muggleton and its vicinity, and they must be public spirited and subscribe. As to asking any players to subscribe, it seems very hard to take a man's money and not to put him into the Twenty-two; yet everybody wants to be in the Twenty-two, and everybody who is left out is so sure to be offended—especially if he happens to be in trade, for then he feels doubly snubbed, vowing the Muggleton Club is likely to come to a speedy dissolution 'all through our Secretary's match.' However, money is picked up by dribblets, and a ten-pound note is volunteered by the victualler, who thus knowingly secures a monopoly of all the diluted spirits, weak beer, and shabby dinners, which are remembered by grumbling spectators for weeks after.

We cannot forget—and we are sure that Wisden and Caffyn never will—the extreme disappointment of one old gentleman—from his white beard and general appearance we called him Old Father Time—at Teignbridge, who, after being a generous subscriber, was not allowed to play. Such was Old Father's strange delusion, though a sensible man in all other matters, that he believed himself, as a bowler, fit to play in place of Clarke, at that time disabled. Clarke said he might play for him if the gentlemen would consent, well knowing that they would not have the whole match made ridiculous by a septuagenarian on their side.

When the match was over, to pacify our aged friend and amuse the company, a single cricket match was got up between him and Wisden, then quite at his best.

The whole affair was managed with the strictest solemnity; the ground nicely measured, bounds



From a Photograph by W. J. & Co., and Co.

P. R. STEPHENS.

CHAPMAN.

(The only Two English Cricketers who played in the American War.)

(See "Cricket.")

CRICKETANA.

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From a Photograph by M'Lean, Melhuish, and Haes.

H. H. STEPHENSON.

CAFFYN.

(The only Two English Cricketers who visited both America and Australia.)

(See "Cricketana.")

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fixed, and umpires chosen, and sham bets enough were made to seem complimentary.—We need hardly say that Wisden was instructed to pitch up something he could hit before he bowled him out, and very soon to let his own wicket down!

The strange part of the story is that Clarke, Box, and one or two others at different times had let him beat them in the same way, yet he never detected the good-natured imposition. Poor old T——t! we knew him well, and have spent many a pleasant hour with him at Torquay, so interested with his conversation on literature and general topics, that we hardly could believe it was the same man and the same mind which would go back to the old story, and seriously relate how he had beaten the best professionals of the day.

As to these All England matches, something might be said in their favour in the first place, while it was really the best Eleven that all England could produce, or, at least, quite as good as any. First-rate play in those days was not so easily to be seen: the consequence was, that Lord's was crowded on a great-match day, because you could see first-rate cricket there, and scarcely anywhere else. We can therefore sympathise with country gentlemen who subscribed their money just for once to bring the first Eleven—there could be but one—to show the science of the game in their own neighbourhood. Of course the sixteen, eighteen, or twenty-two men matched against them were brought together, not so much for the honour of victory—for no honour could there be—but merely as a pretence to see the said Eleven play. It was like the one-pocket game or the go-back game at billiards, that an amateur plays when he only wants to see the performance of Roberts or of Kentfield.

This, we say, was all very well for once, at a time when good play was scarcer than at present; but for any men calling themselves Cricketers to play with double numbers, year after year, as a match, and to boast of victory—the thing is childish and absurd.

First of all, you do not play against All England or its best Eleven by any means. At present there are two All Englands—two bests! which is rather strange, certainly. Not only so, but neither of the two can be called best in any sense. We will speak now of Parr's Eleven, 'the All England;' for Wisden's Eleven, 'the United All England,' having six Surrey men, play comparatively few matches, for fear of spoiling the Surrey county matches.—They only play when Surrey has no fixture.

Now, as to the All England Eleven—we do not mean to speak unkindly of them, or of George Parr, who manages it. If the world is so silly as to encourage a man in making a livelihood in a silly way, we must blame rather those who raise the demand than those who furnish the supply. But, if not unkindly, we claim to speak truly. And we do venture to ask, How can you expect to have the best Eleven, when the manager has every interest to do things cheaply—to employ as the tail of his Eleven men of little note, at a low price—not to allude to the common practice of playing one or two amateurs, and not the best of the amateurs either? You have not, therefore, anything like an All England Eleven to begin with. But, such as they are, you do not half see their play—you have a very poor sample of what they can do. The men are quite good enough to win far more matches than they do win, if they had both the powder in them, and also the stimulus to play their hardest and their best.

When a travelling circus goes round the country, you are rather staggered, as you pay your money, in looking up and seeing the face, all red and white chalk, of Mr. Merryman, the clown, taking the cash without a smile on his countenance, unless one is painted there, and not at all like the Fool, but in the most sensible manner possible.

In the same way with the All England Eleven—'the gate' being part of the bargain—you pay your sixpences to a creature in flannels, pads, and spiked shoes, ready at a moment's notice to go to have his innings—which innings, no doubt,

he hopes will be a creditable one to himself; but as to the issue of the match he does not care a button, not he. No. He does not play for the score—he only plays for the till. And cricket is one of those games that must be played with a will to be played well. This is especially true of old and experienced players. Boys play their best for the fun and the novelty; but there can be no novelty to a professional cricketer; and the difference between concentrated energy and mere mechanical performance makes all the difference between the finest bowling and that which is just good enough to make the batsman play his best against it. This intensified energy—this concentration of all the powers of bowlers, wicket-keepers, and fieldsmen—may make a difference of half the score!

So the truth comes to this: Even if you had All England men, you cannot have All England play when your side is not worth beating, and when not the runs but the sixpences is all they care for.

For another reason, you cannot see the best of play:—with twenty-two men in the field the play is cramped—it is a game that spoils good men. Box and Guy have been instanced as men who lost their batting by playing matches where fine free hitting did not answer.

But the chief reason of all that men in the All England Eleven rarely play like themselves is this: that they are fagged and jaded—stale and overdone from the beginning of the season to the end. Imagine two matches a week, and most of their rest taken in railway trains. We remember they came to play at Bath, just landed from Ireland, half of them sea-sick. The first day they were not fit to play a decent school; still our friends flattered themselves the score they made was against All England men!—about as true as if they had been drunk. Why, as to *play*, we are reminded of the travelling circuses over again. 'I might be fond of music,' said the French horn, 'but I'm not the man to blow all day to please any one.' Sometimes the said All England bowlers have hardly a leg to stand on—such as cricketers'

legs ought to be. We could name men we have seen quite groggy—with sore feet and swollen legs—blessing Providence for the chance of going to bed when the rain came down in torrents.

The contrast between the faces of the All England Eleven—when paid not by 'the gate' but by the job—and the faces of the rest of the field on a rainy day is amusing to any lover of the ridiculous. Being very civil fellows, they feel bound to seem a little disappointed as naturally as they can, when they pass by some promising young players looking much bluer than the sky is likely to be. They may also say perhaps a sympathetic word to the caterer, whose cold lamb and cucumbers is already in a state of watery solution; but if any one could hear their private and confidential communications, he would hear something like this:—'A good chance for your legs, John. Another such a day as this, and I shouldn't wonder if some of your bowling would come back again.'

Now this is all we get for our money—this is the delusion we practise on ourselves when we book our club and ground for one of the vacant days of the All England Eleven. We have that Eleven, it is true, but all the powder and the spirit is out of them; and one would think that no man who had ever made one of twenty-two, with two bowlers given, all fresh and lively, against Eleven stiff and steady ones, could ever want to do the same thing again.

'But if we do like to amuse ourselves,' some one will say, 'what does it matter to any one?'

Why, it matters a great deal. First of all, you draw the best players away from fine county matches, which are better worth seeing by far. At this present time the members of the Surrey Club—than whom no club has ever done more to encourage county cricket—have a difficulty in their fixtures, because All England matches are encouraged on the same days.

We trust all true lovers of cricket will take this into consideration before they have anything to do with these 'All England' games. For which is better; that for three sum-

mer months the finest matches possible shall be arranged by the Marylebone and the Surrey Clubs chiefly in London, but with return matches in other counties, or that these arrangements should be spoilt for so poor an apology for a match as we have already described?

It does appear at present that there is a feeling of opposition on the part of the All England Eleven, or certain of them, to the promoters of county matches. Surely nothing can be more suicidal. Who brought forward these very men to their present position? Who find the sinews of war? Who provide the money for matches and the labour fund? We admit that there may be one or two men so situated that they may see little personal danger in opposing their former friends and patrons; though even they may commit the fatal mistake of kicking away the ladder before they have done with it. But let us ask—Do cricketers act wisely in supporting them? Should the rest of the All England Eleven agree to play on days when they are wanted for our leading clubs?

We trust that this will be amicably arranged; otherwise, we should say that the Marylebone and the Surrey clubs should make it a rule that men who belong to an Eleven so regardless of their fixtures should never be employed either at Lord's or at the Oval.

It is prejudicial to the game to grow too professional. The effect is to make the matches less interesting; for the batting is forced into a degree of strength quite out of proportion to the bowling of the same club. First of all hired players supersede our bowling, and afterwards, because it is so unequal to the batting, we are ashamed to practise bowling so as to make up the difference.

This has always been a strong argument against employing a professional in a county club; but if a travelling band of professionals makes us indifferent to measure our strength against the nearest county, then do the professionals do us harm indeed.

Wenman remarked last year that

he remembered the time when a man aspired to the honour of a place in his County Eleven—but now that emulation seemed passing away. And what did we have instead? A flat, stale, spiritless game—no honour for the one to win, no discredit to the other to lose!

Seeing, therefore, that the Surrey County Club was established to reinstate Surrey in its once proud position, let us briefly review its cricket history.

Surrey has as much right as any county to claim the honour of establishing cricket as a county game. Hampshire was once considered the native land of bats and stumps, but only because the Hambledon Club played in Hampshire. Now this club was quite at the Surrey end of Hants, and the Surrey men were among the finest players in it. Indeed, in the old scores the same men are found indifferently on the side of Surrey and of Hants, perhaps because they had their homes in the one and their cricket-ground in the other.

As far back as the year 1767, Surrey did its full share in all the matches of the day. For some ten years Surrey against Hambledon, and Surrey against Kent was an annual match, and these three names—Hambledon, Surrey, and Kent—were the only great names in cricket history. The Earl of Winchilsea and the Hon. Colonel Lennox used to back Surrey, and Sir Horace Mann backed Kent. As cricket spread in Hants, Hampshire against Surrey took the place of the Hambledon match. Much interest was at that early period taken in the training of cricketers, because we find, even in 1783, a colt match—the Colts of Surrey v. the Colts of Hants. At this match, Lord Strathavon and the Hon. H. Fitzroy appeared among the supporters of Surrey.

In the year 1793, Surrey played All England, heading in the first innings, but ultimately losing by seven wickets. In this match they were weighted with four amateurs of title; but next year, choosing with less regard to rank, Surrey lost by only three runs, though playing

thirteen of England. Next year, 1795, Surrey beat easily thirteen of England. The year after, Surrey beat Eleven of England in one innings, giving them one of the Walkers. The Hon. E. Bligh and H. Tufton now played for Surrey. England then won their even matches; but towards the end of the century Surrey grew again too strong for England. Perhaps the Surrey gentlemen improved; for Surrey evidently could not choose their best men. In 1800, therefore, we find the odds of 13 of Surrey to 14 of England, and it is curious to observe that same year 12 of England played 23 of Kent, losing by only 11 runs.

About this time Surrey had Lambert as well as Robinson, a very great accession to their strength; and Surrey each year won one match out of the two which were usually played. Surrey also won easily in 1805, Robinson on their side, in their first game, scoring 93 to balance Lord F. Beauclerk's contribution of 102 for England. They also won the second match almost in one innings. In 1809 Surrey won both matches. The second of the two was played with, in one sense, the strangest odds on record. Surrey lent England Beldham their best player both as bat and bowler as a man given!

The same match was played till 1817, by which time England had grown too strong, both Mr. Budd and Lord Fred. Beauclerk being at their best: though John Sherman was a great acquisition to Surrey, Mr. Osbaldeston's swift bowling lost them more runs than he saved.

The year 1817, therefore, saw the last of Surrey's even-handed attempts against All England: the match was never played again till the year 1852.

As to the celebrities of Surrey during all this time, among the Surrey men were the Walkers, especially Tom and Harry. Tom was called 'Old Everlasting,' from his vexatious and interminable defence. Bennett told us that though Tom was more to be depended on, Harry's half-hour at the wicket was as good as Tom's whole afternoon. No

names of olden time were better known than those of the Walkers: but we owe it entirely to 'Old Nagren' that these and other Hambledon worthies have not been long since forgotten: that is to say, our friend Charles Cowden Clarke, a writer of much taste, and friend of Keats and Charles Lamb, listened to the old yeoman's yarns and put them down in his own pleasant way. Mr. Haygarth has of late years followed out the clue, so afforded and supplied Frederick Lillywhite with some highly interesting biographies for his cricket scores, two volumes much to be recommended to all who take interest in the game.

Tom Walker's bat may now be seen at Lord's, as also Robinson's—the handle grooved to fit his burnt and stunted fingers.

Crawte was the best of the Kent side. We call attention to him because like Pilch in later times he received a consideration from Mr. Amherst to live in Kent and support the honour of that county. But Crawte was a Surrey man, and so it was to Surrey that Kent had in those days to look for a recruit; though so truly was cricket naturalized in Kent, that an old gentleman who could remember play in 1780 told us that on every village green in Kent you might have seen games of cricket.

Besides these men there were John and James Wells, W. Beldham, Robinson, Barton, J. Hampton, Lambert, Sparks, Bentley, Harding, Bridger, L. Powis, John and James Sherman. These, with the three Walkers and Crawte, were the principal names from which the Surrey Eleven was chosen for twenty years. Most of the following noblemen and gentlemen, at different times, formed part of this County Eleven—Earl of Winchelsea, Hon. E. Bligh, A. and F. Tufton, Hon. D. Kinnaird, Sir H. Martin, Mr. Mellish, Mr. Whitehead, G. Leicester, Colonel Onslow, G. Cooper, Esq., J. Lawrell, Esq., Colonel Maitland, J. Tanner, F. Ladbroke, T. Vigne, B. Aislaby.

Whoever looks over the scores of the M. C. C. will perceive how large a proportion of the leading members of that club were Surrey men.

From the year 1817 the name of Surrey as one united county club is quite lost in the annals of cricket. England, for three or four years, divided against Hants; but Surrey is represented only by a variety of separate clubs—Mitcham, Epsom, Farnham, Harkey Row, Godalming, Dorking, Woking. If, therefore, the gentlemen of the Surrey County Club aspire to replace Surrey in its former county position and in the plenary possession of that strength which belongs only to a united people, they will allow us to inform them that the position they have succeeded in restoring is one that Surrey held for fifty years. During the whole of this time Surrey could hold its own against any single county, and for twenty years Surrey was a match for All England, and even gave them odds as essential to the interest of the annual contest.

Robinson was one of the best hitters of his day—left-handed and a very hard off-hitter. He was a cricketer under difficulties, for he could only catch with his left hand, the fingers of his right hand having been burnt off when a child. He was called 'Long Robin,' being six feet one inch high, and by some 'Three-fingered Jack.' Some curious things are remembered of Robinson. He once had the legitimacy of his bat called in question and shaved down to the proper measure while he stood angry by. Barker remembered a man's bat being served in the same way at Lord's. 'Robinson,' said Mr. Morton, sen., the dramatist, 'introduced spikes. He had them for one foot, but of monstrous length.' Sparks used to mention a kind of greave, two thick boards set angle-wise to guard his shin: but the fairness of the leg byes, which went off rather too clean, was called in question, and Robinson was laughed out of his invention.

The Duke of Dorset (the third duke) was one of the earliest promoters of the game—one who did much to redeem it from the character so long it bore, as only a game for the lower orders—a reflection, perhaps, though true to London, might not have represented

the sentiments of country life. A game that requires so many on a side always must have required some care and pains to keep a strong eleven together. Hence we read of professionals very early. The Duke of Dorset kept in his employment Miller, Minshull, and W. Bowra, amongst the best of his day. The Earl of Tankerville retained Lumpy and Bedster. Mr. Lawrell employed Robinson as his keeper. Sir Horace Mann employed John and George Ring as his huntsman and whipper-in. Mr. Amherst used to employ Boxall to bowl to him in winter in a barn as well as summer in the fields. Boxall was one of the best Surrey bowlers, born at Ripley. Lord Stowell gave Beldham an order to make him a cricket ground at Holt-pound. The town of Sevenoaks was indebted to the Duke of Dorset for the Vine Ground assigned by a deed of trust to be a cricket ground for ever. The duke was nearly being the cause of what in those days would have been equal to the enterprise that sent our Elevens to America one year and to Australia the next. For, while ambassador to France in 1784, he wrote to Yalden, captain of the County Eleven at Chertsey, to find an Eleven to go over and show the game at Paris! The Eleven had been actually chosen, with the Earl of Tankerville at their head, and they had travelled as far as Dover when the Duke of Dorset had returned, flying before the first outbreak of the French Revolution.

The Surrey County Cricket Club dates from the year 1845.

In the month of October in that year, at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, there was a large gathering of the representatives of the principal clubs in the county of Surrey to enrol members, to decide on rules, and do all things necessary for inaugurating in good earnest a club worthy of the fame of this pre-eminently cricketing land, and, we may say, the very nursery of cricketers.

The Hon. F. Ponsonby came over from Ireland for the express purpose of presiding on the occasion. W. Denison, Esq., was vice-chairman at the dinner on that day, and among

the company present was, first of all, W. Ward, Esq., with Messrs. W. and C. Pickering, J. Napper, from the Dorking Club; J. Banner, from the New East Surrey Club; Messrs. Horner and Hoare, of the Dulwich Club. Messrs. Earnshaw, White, and other gentlemen represented the South London Club; while it were long to tell those who respectively represented the Montpelier, the Clapham, the Dulwich, and various other clubs, all within a circle to regard a general Surrey County Club as their centre.

After dinner the Hon. F. Ponsonby at once enunciated the object and the principle on which it was proposed to found one central club south of the Thames. 'It would be established with a view of bringing out the cricketing strength of the county,' and as Mr. W. Pickering added, 'to give the cricketers of Surrey an opportunity of proving that they inherited or retained much, if not all, the strength of play for which their forefathers in the game had been so distinguished.'

That some such rallying-point—that some such 'fair field and no favour,' was still further maintained by Mr. Napper. He truly argued that it was indeed an anomaly, that while Kent and Sussex were each actuated by a spirit of nationality, and all the emulation of distinct clans, that Surrey should of late years, for want of 'a local habitation and a name,' exemplify all the weakness that must result from those faces being scattered which they now proposed to concentrate and to combine.

As to the glories of Surrey in days gone by, Mr. Ward reminded the meeting that Surrey had not only been once able to play All England, but that it had won the game against extra numbers on some occasions, and had given men in others.

The Hon. F. Ponsonby was then elected the first vice-president, and at an early meeting in the year following, the first year of the play, William Strachan, Esq., of Ashurst, was elected first president of the Surrey County Club.

Martingale and Brockwell were the first professional bowlers en-

gaged, both from Surrey; and true to the principle of encouraging the county in every respect, the bats and stumps were ordered of Mr. Page, and an inquiry was made, though made in vain, for a manufacturer of cricket-balls in Surrey.

The season commenced with about 120 members, but every day added to the number—a circular being widely distributed about the county to this effect:—that the county of Surrey had once held a high position in the world of cricket—that to restore the county to its former rank 'the Surrey Club' had been founded—that the object of the Committee would be to seek out and bring together the cricketing talent, to play matches on their own ground on the Oval, Kennington, as also in different parts of Surrey, and to engage the best bowlers of the same county for the practice of the members.

Wednesday, the 13th of May, 1846, was the first day the Surrey Club ever pitched their stumps upon the Oval.

The club now having the entire control of the county ground, a new era dawned upon its operations, and from that moment those who conducted its affairs availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded of introducing a series of great county matches. The men of Surrey now began to rally round the County Club.

In the year 1857 the Pavilion was built; from which date the number of the members and the success of the county in the field fully rewarded past exertions, as the club had the honour of winning every match but one in that year—thus reaping golden opinions from all kinds of men, and guineas, too, for their income proved nearly double that of the former year.

In 1858 still greater success is chronicled: for though they contended against All England for the first time, they won every match, a thing unprecedented in the annals of the game.

In the years 1859, 1860, and 1861, the county has honourably maintained its position, setting forth an annually improving programme

of great events, and ever watching opportunities that presented themselves of inviting the other counties of England to a fair trial of their strength.

In this emulous spirit for two years the club had 'fixtures' with Nottinghamshire, thereby keeping alive the spirit of that county and virtually re-establishing their county club. The same spirit has been evinced towards other counties, and exciting contests have on many occasions been played to the delight of thousands of spectators. Never has it been the good fortune of a county to rise by such rapid strides as Surrey during the last six years, which is mainly to be attributed to the talent exhibited in the field,

and an honest desire on the part of the club to extend and promote, by liberal means, England's noblest game.

The Surrey is at the present moment the largest club in England. Its income is all expended (large as it is) in the promotion of cricket, as the list of the Surrey matches of itself must show. The Surrey Club claims the honour of having first brought into public notice a host of talent; witness Sherman, Caffyn, Cæsar, Lockyer, H. H. Stephenson, Mortlock, 'Mudie, Griffith, Sewell; and latterly Humphrey and Pooley would acknowledge the same kind assistance as opening to them a sphere for their respective talents.



A FAREWELL TO SPRING.

SOFT fleeces floating through
 The fields of tender blue
 Like white-winged galleys in the Southern seas
 And you, oh tremulous air!
 Low-murmuring everywhere,
 In snowy thorns, and budding chestnut-trees,
 Your spring-tide melodies;—
 Ye larks, far up the sky
 Cheating the curious eye,
 And you, whose note is earliest heard,
 Invisible cuckoo, welcome herald-bird;
 List with what grief my song is blended,
 To say farewell—farewell; the Spring is ended.

Primroses creamy pale,
 And lilies of the vale,
 Wild hyacinths, and purple cuckoo-flowers,
 Wood-sorrel, violet—
 If any linger yet
 To wake a longing in the Summer's bowers
 For blooms of vernal hours—
 Daffodils, golden-bright,
 The wandering child's delight;
 White wind-flowers, faintly streaked with pink;
 Forget-me-nots, the fringe of brooklet-brink;
 Oh, time the sorrow of my singing,
 Farewell to Spring—so swiftly from us winging!

In meadows, freshly green,
 No more the lambs are seen;
 The emerald fades from the up-springing wheat;
 The gentle nightingale
 No longer tells her tale
 Of sobbing melody by moonlight sweet,
 But flies the summer heat;
 Alas! and well-a-day
 That Spring should pass away!
 The prime of song, and bud, and leaf,
 So bright, so beautiful; but ah, so brief!
 Oh, woe is me that I must sing
 Farewell—and yet again, farewell, dear Spring!

T. H.



Drawn by Thomas Hunt.

A PEEP THROUGH A HEDGE IN SPRING.

[See "A Favourite Spring"]

A FAREWELL TO SPRING.

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 The fields of tender blue
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Drawn by Thomas Hood.

A PEEP THROUGH A HEDGE IN SPRING.

[See "A Farewell to Spring."



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THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



IF it be true that one half the world does not know how the other half lives, it is equally certain that it will never much care. This may sound very selfish and cynical; but in adopting the apophthegm, we do but follow the simplest instincts of humanity. One half, one quarter, nay, one-thousandth part of the world, has quite enough field for study, for sympathies, for interest, in its own scene of action. Take the successful merchant, the politician, the man of letters, of

science—would not each, if he spoke himself, tell you that he cared more for his calling than all else besides? The doctor reads his medical journals, the parson peruses his book of sermons, Captain Pipeclay cons over the Army List—each with individual and unaffected interest. At certain seasons of the year, this and that portion of the British public is moved to enthusiasm by some event which the rest hears of with comparative indifference. The arrival of a new specimen of, say the *Lophoc-*

phorus impeyanus, may excite the curiosity of the Zoological Society. On the first night of a new opera, all my musical friends are in their seats before the overture. The month of May sees two London crowds daily thronging within a minute's walk of each other; one darkens with its shadow the threshold of Exeter Hall; the other trips lightly up the steps of the Royal Academy. Let us join for a while this latter assembly of the art-loving public, pay our shilling at the door, in company with some of the fairest, the bravest, the most illustrious of the land, invest a similar sum in the purchase of a catalogue, hand over our umbrella to that ingenious gentleman with a patch across his eye, who, while he never demands, on the other hand will never refuse our free-will offering of sixpence for its custody; and, these preliminaries settled, let us join the critics upstairs. Critics I call them, with deliberate purpose. In the little exordium with which I prefaced this paper, it will be observed that I maintained the *single-ness* of professional interest. But here we see productions of a trade, concerning which the world will say its say. For soldiering, for physicking, for persuading a British jury that Mr. William Sikes is the most heinous of all ruffians, or the most calumniated of mankind, education or diplomas, society tells us, are indispensable. But TASTE, it would appear, is common property. Those of us who love, or think we love, the painter's art (and it is surprising what a large proportion of the community is thus described), can judge of pictures by the purest instinct. Millais a great colourist! pahaw! what has he done but daub affectedly? Talk of Leighton's genius! why, don't you know that his works are absurdly over-rated? As for Hook's efforts, give Mr. Carpley a paint-pot, and just three weeks' study, and he undertakes to show you how landscape might be treated. For my part, I firmly believe that, if the divine Raphael or Titian himself could revisit this sphere, and set up a studio in Berners Street, we should find gentlemen who

talked of their works as loudly, as wittily, as knowingly—shall I say as *snobbishly* as this? And who could venture to set them right? So long as doctors differ; so long as painters of different age, aim, sentiment, and education, can each please their own circle of admirers, we cannot legislate upon aesthetics. By me the accurate representation of form, by you the charm of colour-harmony, by some one else the sentiment in pictures, is what is prized most highly. Happy the man who can acquire from fair appreciation of all these qualities an honest admiration for works of skill or genius, be they of this or any former age, and come of what school they may!

The critics, then, crowd round the pictures in Trafalgar Square, and loudly praise or censure as they please. At 9 A.M. one may walk through the rooms in comfort; at 10 the visitors are pouring in; at 11 the 'line' is occupied. As for the afternoon, the throng becomes so dense that all, except enthusiasts, give up the task of struggling for a peep, and lounge about the place with no apparent object but to look at one another.

There are certain places on the Royal Academy walls which have from time to time become identified with well-known pictures, and where we look at each succeeding Exhibition with natural curiosity, to see whether the once famous spot has been as ably filled. Who does not remember those few square feet of space which held *The Huguenots*, and *Order of Release*—the little area round which so many thousands thronged to see *The Derby Day*? This is not, we believe, the only time that Mr. Millais's picture has been the first in cataloguing order on 'the line,' and surely few more attractive specimens of this artist's power have been here exhibited than the portrait of that charming little listener to her *First Sermon* (7). Since that old dusty baize was nailed up fresh and green, how many congregations must have filled the church; how many reverend gentlemen grown eloquent; how many occupants of that high-

backed pew have turned out the text with great precision, and then gone quietly to sleep! No doubt the present discourse is very edifying; but for us who are without the walls, who cannot listen to the Doctor, is there not a moral to be drawn from this sweet portraiture of innocence? Ah! *nisi fiat ut pueruli*. Perhaps we may learn more from this unconscious little preacher than from many sermons.

Passing over *The Pathway to the Ruin* (10), which is curious in being painted on the old-fashioned scale of colour, and *Across the Ferry* (15), which is rather colder than even Mr. Lee is wont to be, we come to Mr. Sant's group of portraits (16), a great advance on any similar work from this painter's hands. There is much grace of action in the principal figure—a mother, who is descending some steps leading to a conservatory, with one child at her side and a baby in her arms. The subject is broadly painted, and thoroughly unconventional in treatment.

To say of *Agua Bendita* (23) that it is by Mr. Phillip, that the scene is laid in a Spanish church, and that the dramatis personæ are Spanish peasants, is equivalent to promising such a colour-revel, as all who have studied that artist's work have long learned to appreciate. The picturesque side of religious life, especially as developed in the Church of Rome, has been so strained and falsely rendered upon canvas, that we cannot help feeling the honesty with which this subject has been treated. The little family knot stand round the holy-water stoup, and go through the ceremony (as Macaulay says, we all hold hereditary faith) sincerely, but without enthusiasm. Such incidents have a poetry of their own, which can neither be increased nor diminished at the mere will of the painter, and the quality of Mr. Phillip's work has gained a hundred-fold by its stern rejection of sham sentiment.

The success of Mr. Morgan's *Retained for the Defence*, in the last Exhibition, has probably induced him to paint a pendant for that cabinet picture in the *Red Tape* of

this year. Both savour of that legal atmosphere which envelopes the Courts at Westminster; and the skill with which they are treated leads us to hope that Mr. Morgan may try his hand at larger works of the same class.

We wish, for the sake of Mr. Roberts's later fame, that he had a rival. So long as he can wield his brush not only better, but twice as well as any other painter in his field, he seems determined to paint with as little labour as possible. His pictures this year, especially his interiors of *Milan Cathedral* and *St. Stephen's, Vienna*, are beautiful scenes; but they are scenes which should have been painted on a larger scale, and looked at across an auditorium. For grand idealization of the gloom through vault and aisle; for bold and accurate perspective drawing, Mr. Roberts is unequalled; but there are subtle qualities of beauty in architecture, only to be reached by that careful attention to detail which made his earlier works so famous, and which is not present here.

A Day-dream (38) is the title given by Mr. Poynter to the half-length portrait of a beautiful girl, in a black silk dress trimmed with violet, who is seated at a piano, with one hand wandering over the keys, while the other rests on a volume of poems—as if she were trying to realize the author's meaning in a few dreamy chords. This work, which is identified with no particular clique or school, is honestly and skilfully painted, and by no means wanting in pathos.

If Mr. Lucy is not often represented on these walls, he makes ample compensation by the size of his canvas, when it does appear. His *Reconciliation of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough* is of the grand school size, and, though partaking somewhat of the dramatic idealism of that style, is interesting as an historical picture in its usually accepted meaning. How charmingly characteristic of the painter's mind, that pure and simple faith in art, which must be held by all its earnest followers, are those last words of Gainsborough! 'We are

all going to heaven,' exclaims the dying man; 'and Vandyke is of the company.' The sternest bigot here below would scarce take umbrage at that touching creed; and yet could it have been uttered by any but a painter's lips without a semblance of profanity?

Mr. Cope's *Music Lesson* (46) is a pretty notion, which, if embodied by him some years ago, might have attracted much notice; but, judged by the standard of to-day, when flesh tints are matched and measured with microscopic accuracy, it surely seems behind the age. It is perhaps unfortunate for this picture that it should have been hung so near a portrait which, in its intense fidelity to nature, as well as the exquisite harmony of its colour, reaches a point of perfection, beyond which indeed it seems impossible to proceed. Mr. Sandys' portrait of Mrs. Susannah Rose (55), has merited in all opinions that terse, well-remembered eulogy, which Ruskin pronounced some years ago on Wallis's Death of Chatterton, 'faultless and wonderful.' Never was the beauty of old age more aptly shown; never colour more tastefully associated. The diapered background alone is a charming study in itself. The tiny landscape seen through the open window to the right is worthy of the best age of old Flemish art. Yet all is kept subordinate to the individuality of the head, every feature of which is wrought out and finished with the greatest care, from the subtlest bloom of living colour on the cheek, to the silvered hair which peeps below the muslin cap. The possessors of such a family portrait as this may indeed be congratulated.

Mr. Erwood, faithful to the task he sets himself, of illustrating the incidents of every-day life, introduces us to the back parlour of a suburban villa, where a youthful Abigail, who is supposed, as the catalogue informs us, to be *Minding the House* (55), has taken advantage of her mistress's absence to admit a gipsy woman, or, rather, one of those spurious fortune-tellers, in whom such faith is reposed downstairs, until Jemimarann or Mrs. Cook find that the disappearance of

a silver fork or two is a phenomenon inseparable from the promise of a lover. The cards are just spread out upon the table by the wily prophetess. The silly girl bends eagerly over them to ascertain her fate. The story is well told; the unpretending furniture of the room, and shrubbery outside are deftly rendered; and the whole subject forms, in its modest aim, a pleasing composition.

It is curious to see how many visitors crowd before Mr. Phillips' *House of Commons*, out of sheer interest in the portraiture which it contains, for few but his brother artists could detect in that grave and sombre group its excellence of power and choice of colour. The chief attraction here lies in the fact that we may be at once brought face to face with some dozen great men of the time—not merely posing for a *carte de visite*, but at their work. Here is Palmerston, the veteran Premier, the skilful bottle-holder of Punch's page—here is Gladstone, great in oratory and of financial fame—there Russell, the artful diplomatist—and good Sir Cornewall Lewis, the statesman and the scholar. Over the way sits Disraeli, who with a few 'winged words' of satire can fling defiance to the Opposition when he likes, and by him Bulwer Lytton, General Peel, and Viscount Stanley.* Across the battle-ground again we recognize a host of other well-known faces; and in the midst of this august assembly, calmly enthroned as umpire, to 'see fair,' sits Mr. Speaker on his verdant throne. . . . Who would not linger before such a work? A time may come when these men's children's children shall sit where they do; and when in 1900 they look upon this likeness of their grandsires, I hope the reins of government will be held as honestly, as stoutly, and as cleverly as at the present day.

Mr. C. Hunt exhibits an amusing little picture (87) which reminds one of Webster, in its healthy appre-

* It is the Treaty of Commerce in 1860 which lies upon the table. The glittering mace is cunningly introduced to lighten up the picture.

ciation of school-boy fun. A group of rustic children have assembled to play 'Hamlet,' and the point chosen for illustration is that which the picture in the Vernon Gallery has made so familiar to us. It is indeed a good-humoured burlesque upon Macclise's work. There lies young Hamlet at Ophelia's feet eyeing the royal assassin under her fan. That unfortunate lady herself is represented by a chubby boy in a smock-frock, who preserves his dramatic individuality with the help of a wreath of gilly-flowers. At the back of the space which has been set apart for the stage lies upon a bench Gonzago, the player-king, enacted by a little urchin who, as the mock murderer, pours the poison from a *quart bottle* into his ear, is so tickled (either morally or physically) by the action that he bursts into a broad grin. Claudius, who is in yellow boots which are much too large for him, starts up in an agony of theatrical remorse, while the Queen, grand in her paper tiara painted over with *fleurs-de-lis*, tries hard to assert her dignity and indifference. On the left hand two small boys fulfil orchestral duties with a penny pipe and toy fiddle. The only 'child of larger growth' is in the background—an old man—probably the master of the school, who is officiating as prompter.

The idea is original; and the subject, which is ably handled, will doubtless cause much amusement among the younger visitors to the Academy.

Many to whom Mr. Talfourd's broad and clever crayon portraits are familiar will be glad to find that he still finds time for painting. His *Margherita* (95)—the study of a female head—is well conceived and modelled, and there is something characteristic about it which belongs to a good age of Art.

Objections have been raised to Mr. Frith's *Julet* (100) on account of the want of unity in its lighting. Without renewing this scandal, which no doubt Mr. Frith's artistic reputation will manage to survive, we must confess that the young lady in her white satin dress embroidered with gold is a very at-

tractive young person, and that, whether Romeo is looking upon her by moonlight or by daylight, that ardent but unfortunate youth has every reason to be satisfied with the object of his choice.

Waiting an Answer (101) is one of those episodes in Irish peasant life which Mr. Nicol has made it his *specialité* to illustrate. The present scene lies in the study of a fox-hunting squire, to whom a rustic messenger has just delivered a letter. The old gentleman, who is evidently about to change a rather ghostly red dressing-gown for his hunting toga, which lie on a chair, hastily reads his letter by the window, while the tired and tattered rustic wipes his honest head behind a screen. It seems exigent to require refinement of colour-harmony in such a work. Yet the picture need have lost none of its character if a little more attention had been paid to it in this particular. The subject is, however, boldly and effectively handled, with a strong sense of humour.

The portrait of D. Lang, Esq., F.S.A. (116), by Mr. Douglas, might from its size and mode of treatment have more appropriately bore the name of *The Bookworm's Study*. Sure never were dusty tomes, pigskin covers, illuminated manuscripts, and those precious knicknacks which in the auctioneer's nomenclature are known as objects of virtù, huddled together in more exquisitely picturesque confusion. It was a happy thought to represent the antiquarian engaged in his favourite pursuits. This little picture is a very remarkable one, and painted throughout with great fidelity.

It would be difficult to say, in looking at Mr. Stanfield's picture (123), whether one derived the greater interest from the nature of the subject or the skill with which at his venerable age the artist has treated it. Few naval men could look at Turner's *Vénérable* without emotion; and the situation of his Majesty's ship 'The Defence,' and her prize, 'Il St. Ildefonso,' on the morning following the battle of Trafalgar, is, in the very words of the catalogue, a noble theme for poet or

for painter. The battered hulk which has fought so long and trustily still rides upon the yeasty waves before us, limned by the hand of one who for half a century has done his work too, as boldly and as well.

La Toilette des Morts (124) is the title of a dexterously treated but very painful subject by Mr. Ward. It represents the last incident in the life of Charlotte Corday, whose hair is just being cut off by her remorseless gaoler after the completion of her portrait by her unfortunate boy lover, Hauer, on the eve of her execution.

It is pleasant to turn from this scene of horror to Lehmann's charming likeness of *Madame Hartmann* (129), which has deservedly the place of honour among portraits. The form—a very lovely one—has been exquisitely modelled, and a very becoming dress in which blue silk and white satin are happily combined add at once to the charms of the lady and the credit of the artist.

Mr. Weigall's portrait of the late *Sir George Cornwall Lewis* (135) is equally successful in its way, and one of the many specimens which indicate this rising painter's skill. The interest with which it is regarded is of course doubly enhanced by the recent death of the lamented statesman.

Lucrezia Borgia (130), the 'eye picture' this year, is worthy of Mr. Elmore's best manner. We have a vigorous composition united to a wondrous chord of colour. The subject is a little mysterious, but—given the character of our heroine—there is little doubt but some dread plot is on the eve of its accomplishment. She stands, richly dressed in a crimson velvet robe with large puffed sleeves gathered up over a blue silk petticoat, at the entrance of a chamber, from which her companion, the sternest type of mediæval Italy, pulls back a green silk damask curtain with one hand, while he clutches a dagger in the other. Lucrezia only holds the assassin back because within her own fair fingers there lies as deadly and more safe a weapon. As we look

upon her handsome face, marked with the passions of a wicked life, we know that poison is within the glass, and what she wishes she will effect at any cost. Ungodly pride, lust, hatred—all may urge her to the crime, but that it will be done is certain. To look at this picture is like reading a page of *Æschylus*. It is tragedy of the highest order.

Under the title of the *King of Hearts* (146) Mr. Hunt exhibits the portrait of a sturdy little gentleman whose years perhaps may number eight, playing at bowls on a bright greensward, dressed in the costume of the sixteenth century. The handsome little fellow, with his auburn hair and bright blue eyes, is swaggering in the attitude which bluff King Hal is said to have affected, and the chief disadvantage of which was that it made the worst of ill-shaped legs. Maybe it is the youthful scion of the Tudor House who himself stands before us in that gorgeous costume. The brilliancy of this little picture kills everything which the eye can reach beside it.

Mr. Horsley introduces us to the toilette of a haughty beauty in the last century, who has received a score of billets upon *St. Valentine's Morning*. She looks triumphantly at herself in the glass, while a favourite lapdog on her knees tears up and gnaws the sonnet of some unhappy suitor. On the dressing-table lies a rich robe of crimson velvet trimmed with swansdown. In the background we notice some old waiting-woman opening the door to a page who has just arrived with some more 'rejected addressees.' It is a most effective picture in its school.

Mr. Goodall's *Opium Bazaar at Cairo* (166) realizes all that the title of the work suggests. The lazy merchants smoking at their stalls—the slippered blind man begging alms along the street—the delicate gray shadows which fall athwart the marble—the picturesque accidents of pent-roof and awning—are all truly and wonderfully characteristic of the scene, which is steeped in the intensest Oriental languor.

Mr. G. Sant has chosen the well-

known lines from *Gray's Elegy* (175) as a plea for the study of a very noble yew tree in a country churchyard. Saving the presence of some ugly railings round a modern tomb to the left, the picture is a most pleasing one. The dark olive-green of the foliage, relieved against a deep blue sky behind, show qualities of colour which the landscape student will appreciate.

The Old English Song (185), by Mr. Orchardson, will find an echo in many an English heart. The richly-brocaded dress of the fair musician, her quilted blue silk petticoat—but especially the honest, unaffected way in which she thrums the keys of that old-fashioned spinnet, carry us back to the time when domestic warbling was something more than a mere accomplishment.

Mr. Ward's large and brilliant picture—*Hogarth's Studio*—must be interesting to all who respect a man whom most regard as the founder of our English school of painting. It is the portrait of Captain Coram, their generous benefactor, which the Foundlings are gazing at. Hogarth, ever ready for a joke, holds back the gallant captain, and hardly peeps himself from behind the easel till he has heard the children's criticism. Is that pretty Mrs. Hogarth, Sir James Thornhill's daughter, who ran away ten years ago with her papa's young friend, and who is now cutting up cake for the little visitors? One little fellow evidently takes more interest in that operation than in the work of art before him; but most of the company are lost in childish admiration.

If Miss Blunden had not already been amply vindicated in the 'Times,' I should protest, in common with all who have seen the picture, against the injustice of hanging her *Kynance Cove, Cornwall* (201), where none can judge of its merits. It is a most carefully-finished study of sea coast and serpentine rock, reminding one of Naish in its almost geological accuracy of detail and beauty of colour.

Under the title of *Train up a Child*, &c. (213), Mr. Faed exhibits the interior of an English cottage,

in which we see a little rustic girl sewing on a button to her father's shirt-sleeve, under the direction of the mother, who pauses from her own stitching to look on. An infant plays with a workbox on the floor, where a cock, evidently an inmate of the place, is strutting to and fro. The scale of colour and the method of painting appear precisely those which were adopted in the artist's celebrated work *From Dawn to Sunset*. The present subject, however, is much more cheerful, and some of the accessories are painted with a keener consciousness of detail. Mr. Faed finds field for his talents in two other works upon the line, viz., *An Irish Orange Girl* (273), and *The Silken Gown* (379). In the latter picture—also of rustic life—a thrifty goodwife is endeavouring to beguile her daughter into accepting a more eligible suitor for her hand than one whom adverse circumstances, or maybe death, has parted from her. Through the open door of the room we see her father in close converse with her second lover, and, judging from the hospitable glass before him, we have no doubt that he only waits for his sweetheart's consent to make him one of the family. To the artistic qualities of Wilkie this artist adds a pathos of his own.

As each succeeding year brings fresh and unceasing proofs of Mr. Cooke's skill and industry, words fail us in describing the patient zeal with which he masters all his subjects, whether of landscape or afloat. His *Dutch Trawlers* (230) riding at anchor off Scheveling afford material on which the painter has bestowed his fondest care. The bowsprit of the larger fishing-boat, half hidden in a cloud of snow-white spray—the weatherbeaten canvas, here inflated by a sudden breeze, there idly flapping to and fro—the bulky stern and painted rudder, the faithful sympathy 'twixt wave and cloud—all these are painted with a seaman's eye. Indeed, we much mistake if the painter would not be quite as much at home on board that vessel as any man among the 'Van Kook's' crew. Far different in character, but

equally well treated, is *Catalan Bay, on the Rock of Gibraltar*, by the same hand. The photographic accuracy with which the interesting geological phenomenon connected with this spot has been rendered is beyond all praise. Mr. Cooke has long been known as a man of science as well as an artist, and the members of the Royal Academy must have been proud to hear from the lips of Sir R. Murchison a just tribute paid to the talents of this new member of the Royal Society.

I wish that I had time to look in at Mr. Hook's *Sailor's Wedding Party* (219), and pay my respects to Fielding's heroine in that charming portrait by Mr. Sidley of *Miss Sophia Western*, in her pretty sack and hat and feathers. It would be pleasant, too, and profitable to read the gentle sermon which Mr. H. L. Roberts, taking for his text the most beautiful of all parables, has preached to us in painter's language. I think it is the third compartment in that gilded frame which will be looked upon with greatest interest. It is the Seed among thorns and gaudy field flowers—the human heart perplexed with cares—beguiled with too attractive pleasures in this fair, wayward world of ours, on which the artist has bestowed his utmost care—for which we feel the keenest sympathy.

In a very clever picture, with that strong sense of humour which characterizes all his works, Mr. Marks has recorded his belief *How Shakespeare Studied* (261). A knot of worthies in the sixteenth century stand gossiping about a street in which the gabled roofs and mulioned windows indicate the age of Good Queen Bess. We recognize half a dozen gentlemen whom we have seen before across the footlights. Shallow and sapient Dogberry, I think, are here; and perhaps it is Petruccio who swaggers whip in hand. There is old Shylock in the middle distance; and here, close by us, sitting near the 'Swan,' at Bank-side, is the Swan of Avon, Shakespeare himself, dotting down notes for future 'copy.' We may have our suspicions that the immortal bard collected his material in a less

obtrusive manner—was not the sober philosopher which some of us suppose, but obtained his knowledge of human weaknesses by sharing them. Can't we imagine him tipping with Bardolph—hoaxing stout Sir John—chaffing old Verges into indignation—doing a little bill with Shylock? Depend on it he joined the Hotspurs of his time in many a merry freak—flirted with Mistress Page, for what we know—shared in a hundred various pleasures—follies—vanities of the age. But, as it would be impossible to represent all these escapades, we must accept Mr. Marks's picture as typical rather than illustrative, taking care to give him credit for the skilful manner in which he has treated a most engaging subject.

The next work of importance on the list is *The Eve of St. Agnes* (287), by Millais—wonderful in its interpretation of an effect which could only have been painted from eye-memory. The greenish hue in which the moonlight shows itself may at first appear exaggerated, but when the eye, disengaged from the glare of adjacent colour, has rested on it for a minute, the truth of its intensity is fully realized. It is perhaps to be regretted that so much of the canvas should be occupied by those long, dusky folds of bed-curtain; but, take it for all in all, it is a noble picture.

The Wolf's Den (498), by the same artist, is confessedly a falling off from former days. When we compare the painting of the little girl's arm under the rug with similar work in that great triumph of artistic skill, *The Order of Release*, we feel what penalties are paid sometimes for growing famous.

Mr. Hook's *Leaving at Low Water* (335) is equal, in point of colour, to anything he exhibits this year, but he, too, seems inclined to abandon the accuracy for which he once was noted. The shrimp-basket in the hand of the principal figure might surely have been made out with greater care. Cannot the Scylla of obtrusive detail be shunned without a run upon the Charybdis of too hasty execution?

On the Road from Waterloo to

Paris (345), by Mr. Stone, tells its own story in the sullen air of 'Le Petit Caporal,' who sits moodily by the cottage fire, with mud-bespattered boots, and in that famous uniform of bottle-green which we have long associated with 'Bony's' awful presence. I wonder did the vanquished hero sigh over the vanity of human ambition, when he saw that little coloured print of Napoleon le Grand, which hangs upon the wall? Of what avail the victories, the glory of his past career? Marengo, Austerlitz, La Rothiere, and Lutzen—won—but Waterloo? Ah, Little Corporal, your turn has come at last! The game is played out, and you have lost the stakes.

After glancing at Mr. Whistler's clever sketch in oil, *The Last of Old Westminster Bridge* (352), we come to two other episodes in French history. The first is *Robespierre receiving Letters from the friends of his Victims, threatening him with assassination* (353). The features of the wretched Terrorist are pale with cowardice, and rendered doubly ghastly by the gaudy tricolour he wears. He sits in an attic; near the window's side have been inscribed the treacherous watchwords, 'Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité—now half effaced. A drawing of the guillotine hangs ominously before his eyes. He knows his time has come.

The other is by Mr. Calderon, and represents *The British Embassy in Paris on the day of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew* (378). Some English refugees are here assembled—saved, indeed, themselves from those atrocities which caused the streets to run with blood—but agonized by fears for friends and relatives, who have not sought the same sanctuary. The women cling to each other in all the bitterness of mute despair. The men crowd before the oriel window, clutching their rapiers as they look into the street, and vowing vengeance on the fiends below. Walsingham himself is thunderstruck, and strides the room with indignation. Dramatically considered, this picture is equal in interest to any in the Exhibition.

If Mr. Leighton would be content with those too thankful themes of

love and beauty, which he of all men in his day can treat successfully, without encroaching on the field of sacred art, he would assuredly increase the circle of his admirers. Could it be expected that the painter who conceived the luscious languor of *The Odalisque* would be equally *au fait* with such a subject as the *Star of Bethlehem*? Differing quite as widely in the range of subject are Leighton's principal works this year. I suppose that since the world began no one has ever painted peacocks better than those gorgeous birds of his upon the West Room wall (429). As for the young lady who is feeding them (although her peach-coloured silk dress does not, to my mind, harmonize with the blue sky behind her), she is, in herself, as near an angel as any charmer, short of wings, can be. It is a remarkable fact that, in giving a title to this picture, Mr. Leighton has exactly reversed the principle adopted in the last century. Then the subjects of everyday life were dignified by allegorical or romantic names; and Charity, which hopeth all things, sat to Sir Joshua wrapped in a blanket or a flannel dressing-gown. Mr. Leighton, on the other hand, paints us a Hebe or a Flora in pink silk, scattering ambrosia before the feathered pets of Juno, and simply calls it a *Girl feeding Peacocks*.

The Girl with a Basket of Fruit (406) is equally ethereal in character, with colour tender to the last degree. The play of light (which comes from behind the figure) about her auburn hair is exquisitely rendered—the modelling of the neck and shoulders perfect; yet in none of these works is there any attempt at direct imitation of nature. It is all idealized. Leighton is as essentially a Purist in style as Millais is or was a Naturalist. In his largest picture, *Jezabel and Ahab met by Elijah in Naboth's Vineyard* (382), his knowledge of form and powers of drawing are exhibited in a high degree, but in so classical a manner that the simple Bible story seems translated into Greek iambs.

Of Mr. Prinsep's two paintings, *Barbagianni* (391) and *Whispering*

Tongues can Poison Truth (423), the latter, on account of its subject, size, and deservedly good place, is the one which has attracted most attention. As far as we can judge from costume, the scene appears drawn from Italian life in the 16th century. A gallant is passing his mistress on an ample staircase, on the landing of which a group of guests seem to be amusing themselves with scandalous remarks about the pair. The lady's face is half averted from her lover, and strongly marked with pent-up passion. Her rich robe of claret-coloured moiré antique, gathered at the waist under a bodice of brown velvet with yellow satin sleeves, the black velvet cloak of her lover lined with orange silk, the deep-blue figured robe of one of the bystanders—all combine to produce an effect of colour which is suggestive of the best age of Venetian art. Should this rapidly-rising artist in his future work strive at a little more refinement in treating texture, he will only add to the many excellent artistic qualities which he already possesses.

Mrs. Ward has chosen for illustration a touching incident in the life of Mary Stuart (386), viz., the moment when she consigned to the Earl of Mar, at Stirling Castle, her infant child, whom she was destined never to see again. There is a sweet sadness in the expression of the ill-fated queen, which is told with earnest feeling. Mrs. Ward has shown herself an apt pupil of her master, and all the *mise en scène*, from the royal pap-boat to the silk and gold thread coverlid which lies on the cradle of poor baby James, has been most carefully made out.

A Travelling Tinker (425), by Mr. Burr, and *Puss in Boots* (435), by Mr. H. Phillips, are both genre paintings of some merit. The knowing look with which the tinker eyes the leaky kettle which the goodwife has just given him to mend, while the rustic children group round to see the operation, is humorous without being grotesque. *Puss in Boots* is in private life a pretty little boy, who personates that character at one of the provincial theatres, and so small that he is still carried 'on'

and 'off' in his mother's arms. While in that position his father, or maybe, elder brother, lifts the huge pasteboard feline mask from off his head to kiss him.

Mr. Leader's *Welsh Churchyard* (440) is one of the finest landscapes—perhaps, after MacCallum's, the finest on the walls. The great fidelity with which the character of branch and leaf in those old yew trees has been rendered, the quality of colour in the grass, and on the gray flat tombstones, jewelled here and there by Nature's hand; the loveliness of that fair purple shadow which almost seems to creep along the hillside—all bear truthful evidence of long and patient study and refined taste. Mr. MacCallum's works are too well known to need much comment. When he sits down before the *Oaks of Cranbourne Chase* (422), or paints *The Harvest by the Wood* (636), we feel that, if imitation of nature be the end of landscape art (and most assuredly it should be), Mr. MacCallum will carry that imitation as far as it ever has been or could be carried.

Mr. Barwell's *Reconciliation* (441) would tell its own story without the explanatory lines in the catalogue. There are two pictures in this year's Exhibition, under the name of *Woman's Mission*, and surely the sweet benevolent expression of that fair mediator leads us to think that she has found her own.

Mr. Hicks' picture of that title (464) is divided into three compartments, apparently to show us separately the pleasing duties of maternal, conjugal, and filial love. In the first a young mother is seen leading her child along the path in a thickly wooded copse, putting the brambles tenderly aside as she bends over her little one. In the second, the wife is consoling her husband, who has just received intelligence of the death of some dear relative. In the third, old age and sickness are seen comforted and made less wearisome by the kind attention of a daughter's hand. All the subjects are treated with a certain order of cleverness and skilful painting; but of the three, the first, I think, is most agreeable in sentiment and execution.

John Gilbert's *Army on the March* (480) looks like an old master, in its broad and powerful drawing and low tone of colour. The constant practice which this artist has had in drawing for the wood gives him great facility in form-invention.

Mr. Goodall's *Palm Offering* represents an incident borrowed from a custom in modern Egyptian life. The widow of a Sheykh carries her infant child to the grave of its father, holding in her hand the palm branch which, according to ancient tradition, she will break and leave there. The dusky mourning robe and hood, from either side of which a purple veil falls down, gives value to the rich olive complexion of her features, and there is a touching contrast between the unconscious playfulness of the pretty child she bears upon her shoulders, and the calm but earnest grief which fills her eyes with tears.

Mr. Hughes, faithful to the scheme of colour which once distinguished the so-called pre-Raphaelite school, has painted a good picture from an old subject. A sailor boy, who (if we rightly interpret the introduction of the ewe bleating for a lamb behind the tombstone in the distance) may have run away from home, returns to find his mother dead, and has been led by his sister to the country churchyard where she is buried. In the first impulse of emotion he has thrown himself on the ground close by her grave, half burying his face in the grass.

Bating a certain crudeness of the distant ivy, which is far too metallic in its colour, *Homs from Sea* (530) is well painted, and it has much more genuine pathos in it than the same artist's work last year.

Shaftesbury; or, Lost and Found, is an ingenious little picture by Mr. Macduff. A member of the shoe-black brigade is pointing out his noble patron's portrait in a print-shop, filled with engravings all typifying rescue of some sort—spiritual or in the flesh. We see Millais' *Order of Release* and Dobson's *Dorcas*, a well-known religious work by Eastlake, and Landseer's *Saved*. The only object which does not point a moral, or, I had nearly said, adorn a tail, is the sleek cat nestled on the

name-plate which forms the window-sill.

Granting the merits of Mr. Bostock's work (549), one cannot help thinking that, for so large a picture, the artist might have chosen a more romantic incident in *Sir Isaac Newton's Courtship* than the very culpable forgetfulness which induced the author of the 'Principia' to use his sweetheart's finger as a baccy-stopper. There are many ladies who attend scientific lectures at the Institution in Albemarle Street, but who can say what effect this may have in their respect for natural philosophy?

True to Death are the brief but earnest words in which Mr. Charles Goldie gives a name to his carefully-painted little picture. It illustrates a touching episode in the civil war of 1648, when, in the words of Linsgard, 'on the capitulation of Colchester, Sir George Lisle and Sir Charles Lucas were selected for execution, Lucas, tearing open his doublet, exclaimed, "Fire, rebels!" and instantly fell. Lisle ran to him, kissed his dead body, and turning to the soldiers, desired them to advance nearer.' We can scarcely imagine a more heroic point for illustration in the war. There is much in Mr. Goldie's reading of it which reminds one of Wallis, and it is a great advance on previous work.

The Betrothal of Isaac and Rebecca, by Mr. S. Solomon, is painted with all the earnestness and chastity of colour for which he is remarkable. We can hardly conceive him out of the range of Jewish subjects, and certainly no one of the modern English school has treated them so ably.

Mr. Martineau's *Last Chapter* (568) is a great success in its accurate portrayal of fire-light, which, falling on the rich brown silk dress of a lady (who kneels by the fender that she may read the conclusion of some popular novel), illumines it into brilliant orange.

A Sick Call (589), by Mr. Lawless, is fresh testimony of the skill which this artist has hitherto chiefly exhibited in another form. The landscape and the architecture of the background seem to indicate a scene in Holland. A priest has

been summoned to administer the sacrament of extreme unction, and is rowed to the scene of his duty in company with two acolytes and the weeping messenger who has come to fetch him. This is an original subject earnestly and cleverly treated. If it has any defects, they lie on the side of inexperience—certainly do not result from want of taste or judgment.

La Belle Ysande (606) and *Vivien* (707) are two noble studies of heads by Mr. Sandys, exquisitely drawn and glowing with lovely colour.

Mr. Stanhope deserves great credit for a bold and original conception of *Juliet and the Nurse* (624). The head of the latter is particularly fine, and reminds one of *Lays* in sentiment and drawing.

Mr. Orchardson, in addition to the small picture which has been already noticed, sends a group of portraits remarkable for their broad and masterly painting and for the thoroughly unconventional management of background. Happily, those time-honoured absurdities—the traditional column and red curtain, once thought indispensable to the integrity of portraits—are fast disappearing from our modern canvas. Painters are beginning to feel that

there is nothing undignified in representing their sitters alongside of objects associated with their everyday life. Is there a more charming likeness in the rooms than that of the pretty little girl (*Miss M. Opie*) (679) who stands beside her bed in young Richmond's portrait? Here we have exquisite arrangement of colour united to probabilities of scene, the most natural, the simplest that can be imagined. In this year's Exhibition we may see fresh and abundant evidence of that healthy phase of art which had its origin some fifteen years ago. In glancing through the catalogue, a host of names suggest themselves and countless works are called to mind, which, in the limit of these pages, have been omitted. But let us hope that each and all of them, either in the testimony of outspoken praise, or from the verdict of the daily press, have elsewhere had their due. As long as Art exists in any form, so long will Taste differ in its judgment. All that the critic can do is but to write or speak according to the light which is in him, and that with all diffidence.

In such a spirit, these remarks are offered to 'London Society' in Trafalgar Square.

C. L. E.

WHAT HAS VEXED THE LADY CLARE ?

(ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL CLAXTON.)

WHAT has vexed the Lady Clare,
That she stands at the window with troubled air?
Oh! a banker's daughter, rolling in wealth,
Has taken her lover away by stealth;
And 'twas only last night she learnt he was false,
For he pressed her rival's hand in the waltz,
And whispered soft speeches into her ear,—
He scarce seemed conscious that Clare was near.
Oh! the banker's daughter, she has, I ween,
Full twenty suitors to choose between,
Daily and hourly besieged with offers,
Not for herself, but the gold in her coffers;—
Why should she steal from the Lady Clare
That gallant young Guardsman and *debonnaire*?

'Tis cruel to lose your heart, I ween,
For the ace or knave, for the king or queen!—
Ah! dainty lady, 'tis hard—'tis hard,
When your love is staked upon die and card;

For the dice will not fall as the wish is set,
And luck turns badly at lansquenet:—
And a gallant young Guardsman, say what you may,
Who has run into debt, must contrive to pay:
And a banker's heiress with gold to spare
Is a dangerous rival for Lady Clare!

'Tis this that vexes the Lady Clare,
And throws a cloud o'er her forehead fair;—
'Tis this that is turning her breath to sighs,
And brings the tear-drops into her eyes;
That sets that foot of hers tapping the Brussels
Till her pearl-gray poplin angrily rustles;
That lends to her lip that scornful turn,
And makes her glances so fiercely burn.
'Tis a mixture of jealousy, grief, and despair,
That is vexing so deeply the Lady Clare!
What shall she plan, and what can she do
To make the banker's rich daughter rue,
That ever, in pride of her wealth, she should dare,
To cross the path of the Lady Clare?

Oh! Lady Clare, she can boldly ride
In the Row, on the downs, by the cover-side.
She can put her horse at an ugly hedge,
Or over a ditch with a fringe of sedge;
But the timorous child of the wealthy cit
Cannot manage her ambling nag a bit;—
And, while Clare is all grace on her prancer's back,
Poor Miss Poundsterling looks just like a sack.
I ween she has got the advantage there
Over Miss Poundsterling, has Lady Clare!

So they'll bring round White Rosebud, by-and-by,
With the velvet muzzle and big brown eye;—
He will stoop his neck to his lady's hand,
And list the pet-names he can understand.
Then out in the Row, as she flashes by,
Her Guardsman shall gaze with admiring eye—
Shall follow her far—till he all forgets
About hazard, lansquenet, duns and debts,—
Till he thinks there's not one in the world to compare,
For beauty and grace, with the Lady Clare!

She is bent upon conquest, the Lady Clare,—
She hides all traces of grief and care,
Her eye is brilliant, her smile is sweet:
She will bring the truant back to her feet!
Oh! a pretty picture is Lady Clare,
As she stands in her flowing habit there,
In her tiny hat, with the purple plume;—
Her lips all cherry, her cheeks all bloom,
With her eyes of azure, and locks of gold,
O'er her shoulders in sunny ripples rolled.
Oh! against that smile, and against that glance,
But meagre is Miss Poundsterling's chance.
For I think she is fated the willow to wear
Who ventures to rival the Lady Clare!

THE FLOWERS OF THE SEASON.

Fêtes, and Rooms, and Fountains.

THE summer has come with the flowers that it bears for its annual crest; there is scarcely a house, perhaps, in which they are not prominent. For now are the ball-rooms flower-hung, and mirrors are framed in flowers, fountains play in their midst, and brilliant thickets gather round doorways and on staircases, and in niches where statues are gleaming. The light of a thousand tapers shines on the waxen blossoms, the beautiful leaves outspread themselves full of their breezy tales, catching us up and away to the heart of some ferny dell, where, amidst the green waving leaves and the shadows that chequer the turf, the pale bright anemones glitter and reflect the clear stars of the sky.

The apple-blossoms lie thick, and the snow of the blackthorn has fallen. The faint breath of wild roses steals on us, and forget-me-nots wave on the banks. The water stands still to gaze on them, and in its deep heart they are shrined, fringing the deep, still bays, where the lilies rock all day whitely, bending their graceful heads down to sleep in their watery bed, rising up wet with the morning to spread out their fresh leaves to the sun. The ferns are all green and young, and the new-bursting leaves are red and purple upon the trees, silvery-grey the hazels and palest pink the rose; the fragrant honeysuckle already is red in its far-tossed clusters. The oak-leaves are yet scarce appearing; the spikes of the meadow-grass waving; the white lilies gathering closely with wood-sorrel flowers beside. The birds are all on the wing, and their morning songs ring through our woods; in evening hours the thrush is heard with the nightingale singing, and the ring dove is softly cooing while the mother-bird nestles near.

The time is now so lovely, when the buds on the trees are all thickening; the elms are all a tracery of leaves that low down are still green-

ing; the limes are already haunted by the bees that are seeking flowers; the fruit-trees upon the walls have let pass their gray-pink show, but the exquisite lilacs and may-boughs still fling their light clusters abroad; straight, beautiful spires grow upwards all radiant upon the chestnut-trees; the larches wave and grow green, and scatter their sweet scents round them, while the crimson tufts creep to the branches and wait till the green cones form themselves.

How beautiful June is always, when the dew lies in sheets of silver, and the clover is red on the lea; when the hills are all golden with gorse, and the air is all filled with its scent. The whole life of the earth seems so joyful. As Goethe's mother said, that 'she and her Wolfgang both were young together,' so the earth-mother breaks newly into youth with her child, the spring. The birds and the lambs are so joyous, and round us we hear their voices. Every bird on its spray is shaking down showers of dew, that fall all bright and sparkling like diamonds in the sun. See all the jewelled insects, the myriad shining wings. At night the banks are all glittering as though thousands of stars had dropped down to them; little bright twinkling lamps that set the gazer wondering if they are types of creatures when the sun of their day has set, and when their night has come down—that night which is the soul's day.

We must not talk now of banks on which great blue flowers spread themselves; the feathery, delicate meadow-sweet must scatter its almond scent round it; only the insect life may live in its fairy plumes. The cowslip fields may spread golden, and balls rich and rare may be flung, while shouts of gay laughter break on us from happy beech-wood revellers. Downy blow-balls are floating in flakes of white wool in the air; the spiders have spun their light webs, made fast to the floors of

the sky. Where have the fountains led us, and the flowers that jewel our rooms? Surely these are the scenes to which names of flowers lead us! In London and Paris drawing-rooms we seem to have learnt from the woods, so graceful and so cool are the green waving forms that meet us there. One hardly knows how to record all the pretty arrangements one hears of, but the hints this month for fêtes, for rooms, staircases, and conservatories, and those next month for dinner-tables, will clear off many old scores.

I shall be minute enough because these must be working models.

The first thing described shall be the Parisian '*Glaces sentines*,' and this plan may be modified to suit a mere table any day. It resembles in some degree the fireplace group described in last month's magazine. But it is but a family likeness, the character is quite different.

In giving parties, it often becomes an important object to stop up a thoroughfare somewhere. Doorways are proverbially '*straits*,' and our French friends have a great knack of gaining their social ends. Light, too, is such an element of success in every fête, and thus their long, wide mirrors are glancing in all directions. '*Des glaces sentines*' are thus arranged. Tall panels filled with mirrors are placed in the would-be doorway. At the base is a wide marble slab, supported much as a console; plants are grouped at the sides, and beautiful creepers twine up it. Sometimes, in Russia especially, stoves are placed underneath them, at other times the panels are filled with plain plate-glass.

The great point here, however, is the arrangement of plants on the slab. The rarest and loveliest flowers obtain this conspicuous place. Roses, all loaded with bloom, stand side by side with the lilies; exquisite white azaleas are spreading out snowy wings, rosy geraniums scatter their rich aromatic perfume, gardenias and myrtles are full of scent and beauty; the pretty little dentzia, and the lovely and sought-for violets; the painted leaves of begonias, the scented spikes of gonists,

white lilacs, above all things sought by Parisian ladies, little palms and gay climbers, and exquisite ferns and grasses. All the flowers are blended with truly artistic touches, and under the torrent of light with which French drawing-rooms sparkle — under that one advantage that English rooms often want — the flowers are, indeed, a perfectly radiant picture. Dull colours, mauves and purples, dead-yellows, heavy blues, all these are fled from quite. The rosiest red, the pearliest white, the blue on which white stars glitter, the scarlet and the orange that glow in the evening light, these are the hues sought out by the people who all are artists. When they require a foil — repose — they depend on the green of nature. They don't throw in heavy claret colour to relieve the tint of a rose! The most aerial lightness, the most fairy-like grace and freshness, as if the flowers had lately dropped from the clouds untouched, is of all things conspicuous in all good French work-womanship. They mind so the set of their flowers. This lovely rose bends aside — its own form has marked its place. It stands as a side-finish, giving curve and sweep to the group.

That is the real thing. We English folks do forget so to think how the things would grow! We really don't often find gardens where all the flowers grow upright, and there are some most barbarous sticks that keep plants '*in shape*' in our stands. Let us think that a group should '*fall well*,' as a dress does in flowing folds, the silks even '*cut the same way*,' that all the lights may flow downwards. That is a French refinement, quite of a piece with the flowers. The whole thing has an air of ease, the intranslatable '*je ne sais quoi*.' The flowers for such a purpose are various, are all beautiful.

Amongst the most distinguished are the tea-roses and the arums. They are so tall and graceful, and carry their height so well.

A very tall plant, often such as would suit to use in such a group as this, is either immensely bushy, and thick and heavy, or lanky, perhaps growing ever so high with bare stem and gooseberry head!

We surpass the French very far indeed in our 'raw material.' The plants that come over from France look very ungraceful by ours. But as graceful shape is essential for the very few tall things we want here, I am anxious to recommend strongly that the tall plants be first secured. Any low-growing things may easily be replaced; the tall ones, of perfect grace, are here our greatest want. This is why I think arums should always be kept in blossom; they are so invaluable for giving elegant height. They do not *block up* a place, for they simply spread out charmingly, giving the loveliest curve and a sort of flame-like finish.

To arrange the plants on the slab a double row is required, the taller at the back, in an uneven number, the lower ones in front between each pair of flower-pots.

1 3 5 7 9 11
2 4 6 8 10

Roses, arums, lilies, the beautiful tree-ferns, marantas, and sometimes azaleas, would form a most beautiful background; the tallest in the centre, the most sweeping away at each end. Amongst the front row, too, long drooping streamers are exquisite; and though it is so common, few things here exceed the white-blossomed ivy-geranium. Scarlet achimenes is dazzling as a contrast, and there is a red geranium resembling much the white sort. Nor should we ever fail to have great pans of lilies, snowy, with many blossoms, as they are seen at South Kensington. Dark, leathery, ever-green leaves look best for hanging down; for twining up round framework the lighter the leaves the better. Nothing thus ever equals the vine and the passion-flower, unless it be our own hop-plants, and to see them in beauty we must wander through hedge-rowed hop-gardens.

Here is another new plan for ending a suite of rooms with its own most brilliant counterpart. One of the immense pier-glasses that are so much used abroad was placed lately so as to occupy the end of a large drawing-room. At each side of this pier-glass were tall thickets of shrubs and flowers, filling up the

interstices between it and the walls. These thickets of shrubs came down in the segment of a circle at the base, so that the effect was perfect, of another room, separated only by a mass of most lovely flowers.

This arrangement was thought most successful lately at a Paris ball, and, as I said before, in London we have far better flowers. Fancy, indeed, in such a place those absolute trees of azaleas, such as the white Iveryana, with their branches bent down with their flowers; behind these, great tree-ferns might tower—the beautiful *Dicksonia*, some fifteen or twenty feet high, with its wide crown of fronds. The *Cyathos*, too, with its pale, silvery-green; then the graceful *Rhopala*, with its long and divided leaves; and the singular *Dracena indivisa*, ten feet to fifteen in height. Great plants of *Ficus elastica* have here a good effect. Climbers, such as *Cissus antarctica*, are never out of place; tall azaleas, standard roses, great myrtle-trees, orange-trees, flowered and fruited; lilac bushes and sweetbriars, all may amalgamate here. In front we have ferns again, low roses, some azaleas, plenty, too, of geraniums, not only for flowers but scent.

The plants here should be bushy more at the sides than in front. The finishing, or bordering, may be in many styles. Wickerwork painted brown, and filled with moss, is invisible. Edgings of *majolica* or gay china tiles may be used. In any case the moss sweeps up over all in a bank, and fern branches here and there are allowed to break its edge, lilies of the valley and cyclamens shining amidst them.

Here I may say but a few words regarding these great plants' treatment. We generally have to cut down things because the wood never ripened. If, after blossoming, we diminish watering, give more air and much more light, and sunshine too, if possible, our plants that *ought* to be barked will forthwith soon become so. Having once grown barked we are safe with them up to that size; of course I only mean as regards damping and cutting off.

Here, by-the-by, is a first-rate notion. The rage in Paris this winter



DES GLACES SENTINES.

Drawn by Henry Noel Humphreys.



was for holly and camellias in every combination. No stove-plant looks more beautiful than a fine pyramidal holly, and the trees, I believe, will submit, with proper care, to pot-culture. It is almost too dangerous for the beautiful green of our woods to venture to suggest that branches in pots *look* like trees. For those who possess holly seedlings it is well worth while to pot a few. Large plants of ivy and aucuba are also effective in pots. The main point of their treatment is not to let them root downwards, from their pots, into the earth upon which they stand out of doors, and to give them sufficient water and little scorching sunshine. The aucuba lately brought over will be extremely beautiful, with its darker foliage and its clusters of scarlet berries. I mention pot-evergreens here because they are so much wanted; and when people begin to have store of them the work of decoration, both indoors and out, will be so much facilitated.

So much for architectural effects, as these may almost be called. Now we will turn to the groups and the fountains and the fern-baskets that may make halls and rooms green and fresh and cool, and give to them the glitter of the splashing, silvery waterfall. The best room fountains are French, and it is at French shops we must seek them. English work is too cumbrous—too solid for things like these. We want a German clock-maker to set to work and produce something like those clocks we used to hear of which went with 'no works in particular'—something cheap and portable, that gives the play of the water without a whole heap of gilt frippery. Any one with taste for such things might probably find it easy to get some village clock-doctor to take this affair in hand; and once done, it would be no small source of pleasure to many artistic flower-growers, and no small source of profit to the ingenious workman. The dairy, the greenhouse, the dinner-table, the drawing-room, the flower-stand on the stairs, the aviary, and the aquarium—each would in due proportion be embellished and freshened wonderfully.

The fish and the birds, above all things, would reckon it *such* an attention! The birds would be for ever playing gay antics in the water, splashing and washing and shaking their little wings.

At a recent great ball at the Préfecture one of these portable fountains was made to play in the hall, where its sparkling jet of water, surrounded by beautiful shrubs and flowers in full bloom, and by many wax lights, produced a charming spectacle. The choice of flowers for such groups may be most artistic—we may have a desert fountain springing beneath a palm, the tropic flowers and the turf starred with red and blue, such as the gay anemones—the clustering masses of fern fronds, and the tall white Nile lilies would be all in most perfect keeping in the fairy oasis, so green and sweet and flowery. Hyacinths and tulips and narcissi in winter should bloom here. The great agapanthus grows here too, and the stiff, thick-leaved aloe—the sweet, tall-growing tuberose, the jasmine and the carnation, and, surely, the damask rose. All these flowers belong, we know, to the many fountained courts that are shady in Eastern lands, where Eastern women look from the cool marble pavements of open latticed alcoves across the clumps of flowers that are bright in the dazzling sun. Again, we may be Limayans, and borrow their gorgeous flowers. The creepers grow here; and the orchids, white, rosy-red, and flame-colour;—here the vines grow luxuriantly, rejoicing in the shade and covering the light trellises and the bamboo or linen roofs that surround and cover the houses of this rainless land! Palms and marantas, jasmynes and great cacti, flourish here in magnificence, giving out such colour as European eyes scarcely know. In China and Japan we find flowers, perhaps, of all countries, most abundantly. There are grotesque, dwarf, forest trees, azaleas, camellias, roses, lilies, ferns, and bamboos, all thriving here together. We may indeed here learn gardening, but scarcely shall we import taste hence.

For taste we will keep to Paris. And here is another device. It is a large *jardinière*. At the base an oblong box of richly-carved dark oak is filled with a group of flowers, such as roses and lilies and ferns,—these should make a mass of gay and fragrant flowers. From the centre of this box there rises a richly-carved oaken pedestal, which divides and supports above a large globular aquarium. The carved supports which first surround this pretty little fish-pond continue to ascend till again they meet and uphold a large tazza. The effect of this whole arrangement is really very charming.* In the crowning tazza a plant of *Rex begonia* has lived and flourished *three years*, and long trailers of *Tradescantia* droop down like a large-leaved clematis. The flowers are little blue things, three leaves and a yellow centre; but the graceful and flourishing streamers are really the chief attraction. The aquarium, for mere prettiness, wants only gold fish and flowers; but, considering the queer ways of many of our fish-friends, we may reasonably expect to meet sometimes with sticklebacks!

For flowers we have more to say. If the glass be large enough there is the very delicious *Aponogeton distachyon*. Its white curved-edged, forked flower, with its odd dots of black, and its almost excessive sweetness, render the smallest plant most delightful. The long leaves, too, are very beautiful when they float on the water gracefully. The plant should be in a flower-pot—at least in *something* of some sort; but I own that it hurts my feelings to put water-flowers in flower-pots, even although, indeed, the heap of rock does hide them. Shells are so very much more proper and more natural. A water plant grown in a shell may retain æsthetic weaknesses.

This sweet, forked water-flower is quite easy to grow, and hardy. I believe it is easy to get, too—in London I have seen it at Veitch's.

* Such stands may be made only half a circle, the other half being completed by reflection in a mirror, and so adding to the illusion.

And there, too, are the water-lilies—the blue and the pink and the white, of which Sydenham visitors rave so, and of which I have got to talk presently.

Before we leave the subject of this carved stand and aquarium, let me but suggest to two classes of people to make such! The carving, after all, is often a tree-stem imitated, and there *was* a work much in fashion of making carved oak picture-frames. The people who live in the country might make such charming rustic things,—if they would but be careful to avoid choosing clumsy for rustic. The branch that grows in a wood with the 'hair' of its leaves hung about it, has a degree of softness that it leaves in the wood it grew in. The graceful and yet rustic stem is the sort of thing we should choose—light, and rather even, though knotted now and then, peeled, and stained and varnished after being completely dried. It is wonderful what pretty things an artist's eye finds in woods—or perhaps one should say, it's wonderful that we don't all of us find such. Then there is the leather work—better than many of such works, for it at least requires arrangement, and insists on some ingenuity. Why cannot some boudoir have an exquisite fairy flower-stand?—its bones may be common iron—the merest rough iron-work frame—but the covering on them may be a lovely leafy tracery. Those things with a tangible object are so much the most pleasant to make—and the flowers would be all the prettier for the thought of the work they had cost. Little brown baskets, too—any well-shaped common things—may be so very readily varnished and made available.

If we want to be very magnificent we may refer to the china fountain that formed a wedding present last year to a Royal Bride. The majolica stork supported on his wide wings a spacious shell. The jet of water rose higher, another figure being added supporting another shell. The pedestal was sunk in a wide basin filled with water-plants. The shells may have ferns placed in

them which droop down from them lightly, the *Gleichenia dicarpa* and *G. flabellata* being amongst the fashionable. The *Adiantum macrophyllum* and the Maiden Hair being perhaps the most beautiful, and also the most at home here.

For water-plants the *Lymnocharis Humboldtii* is a pretty, gay, poppy-like flower, opening its yellow blossoms freely in our greenhouses. The beautiful pink and blue water-lilies require a warmer place—they should be grown, if possible, in a tank where the water is heated, and where there may be contrived a very slight constant current. We once tried having tender things in a tank into which warm water used in heating a greenhouse flowed; and possibly in many conservatories some plan might be formed easily for carrying a pipe round the sides of some large aquarium, which would be undoubtedly one of the prettiest flower-beds. It must be remembered, too, that a well-balanced plant-life, with a few fish besides, will keep the water healthy. And where we have any of our more hardy water-plants, the forked white flower we have already named must never be omitted. The arums, placed to grow at the edge of a pond in a garden, are never seen more beautiful. It has been said that, if deep enough, they live thus all the winter; but if the water be too deep, they do not flower strongly, as they are in this way drawn up to too great a height. The coloured water-lilies, grown in a warmed aquarium, look exquisite, when cut, floating in fountain basins.

Stands for holding flowers on tables and on side tables are made at present in bamboo. They are extremely light, and are the prettiest things for flowers. The square and oblong shapes are a good deal used at present, and certainly there is no doubt that they are most effective, the centre making one group, and tiny dots coming in at the corners. These things may be made of anything, merely lined with zinc or tin; and it is most convenient to have several similar linings, so as to have a succession of groups coming on in the winter, when one

set succeeds another, and every one looks loveliest.

Cyclamens, primroses, and lilies are all most charming here to replace the first instalment of snowdrops and early tulips. The lilies of the valley remind me of an important fact to all who care for these flowers. In 'Indoor Gardening'* I have described how to force and retard these flowers, so as to have them blossoming from February to October. But, alas! it was only this year that my lilies failed to come! They now, indeed, are willing to make the most fair amends; but February, and no lilies, was a most distracting thought. To-day I chanced to see the gardener who supplied the first. I questioned him very eagerly. Did he keep the roots always in pots?—No. Did he take them up, then, so carefully as not to disturb the soil?—No. But he surely did not have dry roots, just to put in like hyacinths?—He did. I could say no more. 'Ma'am, they're a different sort!' Those that were so beautiful in the very early spring were a smaller kind as to flower, but had much larger leaves. The leaves were, indeed, a very great beauty themselves. The later spring lilies are much finer, but have not near so much foliage. Both kinds seem, however, equally sure of blossoming, only that for forcing first the former should be used. These are to be had at Norford's, in Prospect Place, Old Brompton. Mr. Veitch's kind, which is still more beautiful, all the world knows and talks of at the Kensington flower-shows.

These flowers are all the lovelier, indeed, when their leaves are wide. It is too much the fashion now to have plants that are all flowers. We must begin to try the effect now of scattered clusters—flowers that gleam up everywhere in unexpected places. And we must have our flowers all fresh. A faded leaf—that matters not; a torn petal—that won't be seen; a rose, which, though past its best, is still not downright withered: these are the exact modes of making a whole stand *passée*. The French will scarcely dare to fade the flowers

* 'Indoor Gardening.' Longman, 1863.

by smelling them. No flower or plant is touched till its place is at last awaiting it. It sinks into it gracefully, and is lost in the general glow.

But then the French have such tact—such a marvellous knack of foreseeing. An energetic Frenchwoman, glancing at Grignon's feather heap, arranges it all by magic, and foresees the feather-screens made of it. There needs no experiment, that bane of all our groupings,—the plan is conceived and organized, and to alter it could but spoil it. The French are not fond of altering (in little things) like the English. The latter vent their inconstancy on such small things as these. What do we mean by altering? Is it not to make changes in a scheme already *en train*? What can alterations effect here, except a disjointed work? Who knows of anything *altered* that is not also spoilt? French tact and nerve would throw the failures at once to the winds; in so unforeseen a dilemma the work would be simply recommenced.

And thus it is their flowers seem to have grown as they are. The effect of a perfect dress is inseparable from the wearer. The perfection of English horsemanship makes horse and rider as one; the beautiful wooded parks are park-like woods over again. I wonder, if we theorize, if any cause can

be shown why flowers match as they do when they have grown together? Who ever saw harsh contrast or discordant tints in the woods? Is it that the same light falls on them, and gives to each tree some tint, some hue that the next wears too?

When a work is nearly completed we find heaps of small things accumulated. This is now my case; and I *must* string a few details together. For edging all and everything the *Isolepis gracilis*, a little hanging grass, is of all plants most valuable. It is natural, but not untidy, and it grows in extreme profusion. For grouping amidst the ferns we should try mostly low-growing flowers—the lilies of the valley, and the blue lobelias; blue double large tree violets and trailing long geraniums; turquoise blue forget-me-nots and the pretty white anemones; then there are the campanulas, both white and blue and creeping. A single rose is in place here, or one of the lovely, delicate semi-double sorts. A honeysuckle also is charming, or else a pale-blue Passion-flower.

So much for fêtes and room plants. In July there will be some more to say: the table prizes at Kensington this month are a floral event; and next month we may hope to record what is accomplished there, as well as to relate some of the newest French modes.



KENT AND ITS OYSTERS.

A 'Run by Rail' to Whitstable, by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway.

FEW of the great lines of rail which have their termini in the metropolis traverse a pleasanter breadth of country than the London, Chatham, and Dover. It is not only the most direct route to the latter famous seaport, the 'key of our island,' but, to our mind, the most agreeable—penetrating, as it does, the very heart of Kent, its rich deep valleys and patches of leafy woodland, its orchards, hop-grounds, and fertile meadows. Read down the list of its 'stations,' and each name, as you repeat it, has a delightful rural savour about it; seems a sort of 'open sesame' to an infinite variety of charming landscapes. St. Mary's Cray, Farningham, and Meopham; Rainham, Teynham, and Sittingbourne; Faversham, Selling, and Canterbury; Bekebourne, Bishopsbourne, and Adisham—these are assuredly seated amongst the rarest and richest scenery of the 'Garden of England.' Then, again, it stretches out its iron tentacula to various points of interest on the Kentish coast—to Sheerness and Whitstable, Herne Bay, the Reculvers, Margate, Ramsgate, and Dover. Finally, it links London with the great naval and military arsenal of Chatham, with the glories of Canterbury Cathedral, with the old Norman keep, and semi-Norman cathedral of Rochester.

Our present 'run by rail' is not designed to take us to the cliffs of Dover. We propose to stop short at Whitstable, dear to us and to all right-minded gastronomes as the headquarters of the Kentish oyster-fisheries. But first for some brief discourse upon the memorabilia of the country-side to be traversed on our journey thither.

The Chatham and Dover line will soon have a City terminus in Farringdon Street, and crossing the Thames below Blackfriars Bridge, will cut through the populous suburb of Camberwell to join the branch from the Victoria terminus,

which branch is designed to afford the advantages of railway conveyance to the mild denizens of Clapham, Brixton, and Dulwich. But, at present, we must perforce start from the Victoria terminus, and run over the 'Brighton line' to a point below the Crystal Palace, from whence we traverse (always by permission, and by virtue of the parliamentary authority) the 'Mid Kent Line,' through Beckenham and Bromley to Bickley, where the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway *proper* commences. The principal features of the route from Victoria to the Crystal Palace we roughly sketched in a former paper. It is needful, therefore, that we should now begin our 'takin' notes' at Beckenham—the home on the beck, or brook.

This pretty extra-metropolitan village (1½ m. from Victoria) possesses the two great charms of wood and water. A branch of the Ravensbourne winds about it, and its encircling parks are richly decorated with varied foliage. It lies rather low compared with its neighbour, busy Bromley; but, in its turn, is considerably elevated above its other chief point of communication, Croydon. The white spire of its decent church rises conspicuously above the environing trees, and serves for miles around as a notable landmark. The said church has a well-kept graveyard, entered by an ancient lych-gate, and adorned by an avenue of noble yews, which runs from the lych-gate up to the very porch. The interior is plain and unpretending, with two side aisles, or chapels, crowded respectively with memorials to the Styles and Gwydyrs, and the Edens and Aucklands. Observe the mural tablet to the Criméan hero and Christian soldier, Capt. Hedley Vicars, and a good brass to the 'Right Worshippfull Syr Humfrey Style,' d. 1552, his two wives, Bridget and Elizabeth, his seven sons and four daughters. Edward

King, author of the 'Monimenta Antiqua,' lies buried in the churchyard.

At Beckenham long resided the Earl of Auckland, whose daughter, the Hon. Eleanor Eden, was the heroine of the only love-passage which momentarily brightened the grave and busy life of William Pitt.

There is a station at Shortlands (1½ m.), for the benefit of the inhabitants of the northern portions of Bromley, in close contiguity to the rippling Ravensbourne. The rail from thence sweeps round the base of St. Martin's Hill, affording us a pleasant glimpse of the gray old tower of Bromley Church, and at 1¾ m. from Victoria, reaching the foot of Mason's Hill, where is placed the Bromley station.

Bromley—the broom-lea—there are still some patches of golden bloom on Bromley Common, though the builder has been busily at work in 'improving' that delightful locality—appears to be a decent, well-to-do, and well-behaved town, resuscitated, after the collapse which the downfall of the stage-coach and post-horse traffic naturally produced by its railway connection with London. It is now surrounded by good villas and large 'gentlemen's residences,' and lodgings or furnished houses are not to be obtained within its precincts. This prosperity is owing, we fancy, to its genial and salubrious climate, as well as to the attractiveness of the neighbourhood. For those who love rambles in green lanes, is there not the walk to Hayes, and Hayes Place, the whilom seat of the great Earl of Chatham? Are there not the up-hill tour to Chiselhurst, and the pleasant saunter to Beckenham and West Wickham? Geologists may visit Sundridge Park, 'where a hard conglomerate, entirely made up of oyster-shells and the shingle that formed their native bed, is quarried;' and antiquarians may *pilgrimage* to Holwood Hill, Lord Chelmsford's seat, where lie the ruins of the ancient Noviomagus.

Bromley Widows' College, a red-brick, Stuart building, with agreeable gardens in the rear, was founded by Warner, Bishop of Rochester, in

1666. As a dignitary of the church he did not join, you see, in the popular apprehension relative to widows, forty of whom—the relicts of poor and orthodox clergymen—find here a comfortable residence. The palace, formerly attached to the see of Rochester, is now in the possession of Coles Child, Esq. It has not a single vestige of antiquity or prelacy. The church has a good Perpendicular tower, and a fine peal of bells. Here are interred Yonge and Pearce, Bishops of Rochester; 'Tilly,' the beloved wife of Dr. Johnson, with a Latin epitaph by the great lexicographer; and Hawkesworth, the author of the 'Adventurer.'

Bickley (1½ m.) is the nearest station for breezy Chiselhurst, and the romantic seat of Camden Place, the latter associated with the names and memories of Camden, the antiquary, and Baron Camden (Lord Chancellor Pratt), a legal luminary in the days when George III. was king. At Frognaal, in this vicinity, lived the royalist, Sir Philip Warwick. He lies buried in the neat and picturesque church. Sir Francis Walsingham, the astute secretary of Queen Elizabeth, was born at Chiselhurst.

The line now runs through some deep sand cuttings, occasionally emerging upon patches of woodland, brimful of wild blossoms, to the delectable stream of the Cray, on whose banks are clustered, scarce a mile apart, St. Mary's Cray (18 m.), St. Paul's Cray, Foot's Cray, and North Cray. St. Mary's lies close to the railway, with its neat and well-ordered Perpendicular church, a very prominent object. The interior contains several brasses of more or less interest, dating between 1479 and 1588. The village is picturesquely situated, but contains nothing to detain the wayfarer. Viewed from the rail, in the mellow light of a summer sunset, it wears a peculiar aspect of gentle beauty.

'Upon our English homes grey twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stor'd,
The haunts of ancient peace.'

Thompson.

The embankment which carries us

across the Cray level is a formidable work, 1,250 yards long, 15 yards 1 foot high, and containing about 300,000 cubic yards. The viaduct across the Cray (*crecca*, Saxon, a brook) is 103 yards long, 15 yards 1 foot high, and composed of nine arches, each 28 feet span.

As we move forward from the Cray there is little in the country on either hand which demands our notice. The scenery is distinguished by the usual characteristics—broad sweeps of hill and dale, glowing with freshest, intensest verdure, the deep shadows of rook-haunted groves, cattle-dotted pastures, corn-fields swept by the passing wind into the semblance of a rush of golden billows, patches of garden-ground, skirted by trim little cottages, a gray old church or two, silent and still, and all peaceful, smiling, prosperous, as becoms a land of peace and plenty.

About 2½ m. from St. Mary's Cray—which, by the way, the railway authorities persist in calling St. Mary Cray, though we never heard of the canonization of a Miss Mary Cray—diverges, on the right, the branch line to Sevenoaks, connecting a fair and fertile countryside with London, and opening up to the excursionist 'fresh fields and pastures new.' At 2¾ m. from Victoria we reach Farningham Road, where the line crosses the valley of the Darent—

'The still Darent, in whose waters clean
Ten thousand fishes play, and deck his pleasant
stream'—

on a viaduct of brickwork, 131 yards long, 24 yards 1 foot high, and comprising ten semicircular arches, each 31 feet in span. The embankment is 1,100 yards long—nearly two-thirds of a mile—and, at its extreme height, 24 yards 1 foot above the level. Upwards of 5,000,000 cubic yards of chalk were consumed in its construction.

The village of Farningham lies some distance S. of the railway, and with its rustic cottages and gray church-tower, sequestered in a pleasant, river-watered hollow, forms a picturesque spectacle. It is, indeed, fortunate in its position—a sweep of

green downs closing it in on either side; green fields rolling up to their very base; and through leafy shadows and in open sunshiny places meandering the fishful Darent. The church has an Early English nave and chancel and a Perpendicular tower. Its interior possesses no special interest.

Within a short walk of the Farningham Road station lies Horton Kirby, its Early English church distinguishable by its low tower, springing from the intersection of the nave and chancel with the transepts. The whole of the valley of the Darent, from this point to Dartford, is remarkable for its soft and genial beauty:—

'There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass;
Here are cool mosses deep:
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep.'
Templeton.

We now dip deep into a formidable chalk 'cutting,' 2,000 yards in length and 18 yards in depth, in whose excavation 377,000 cubic yards of chalk were removed. We then emerge upon the open country, soon afterwards penetrate another cutting, and so, with frequent alternations of light and shade, move onward to Meopham. Glimpses of Windmill Hill, Gravesend—once the Cockney's Garden of Armida—are twice obtainable on the left, and we pass, at about 3 m. from Farningham, the little church of Longfield. Through pastures, corn-fields, and hop-grounds, we make our way to Meopham—i. e., *Meopa's ham*, or settlement—locally pronounced *Meop'ham*, 29½ m., by rail, from the Victoria terminus. The village itself straggles up a considerable hill, and round a green favourably regarded by cricketers, at a distance of nearly a mile from the station. On your way up the hill you pass the church, a fine Decorated edifice, with nave, chancel, aisles, and square tower, rebuilt on the site of an earlier building by Simon de Meopham, Archbishop of Canterbury (1127-33), a native of the village. Its brasses, with one exception, were melted down for metal when the bells were re-cast, about a century ago!

From Meopham to Sole Street (30½ m.) the line crosses on a level green fields and daisied meadows—the groves of Camer (W. Masters Smith, Esq.), lying away to the right, and to the left the dense leafy masses of Cobham Woods.

Sole Street is the nearest station for Cobham Hall, Cobham Church, and its splendid brasses, Cobham Woods and their wealth of blossom, and Cobham village, with its 'Leather Bottle,' whither Mr. Tupman retired to indulge in the luxury of woe under the circumstances narrated in the 'Pickwick Papers.'

The line now enters a deep cutting in the chalk, and afterwards skirts a steep declivity, overlooking a noble 'reach' of clustering hop-grounds and luxuriant fields, which dip down into coolsome hollows, and swell into gentle knolls, with pleasant alternation. Soon we come in sight of the gleaming Medway, and of the chalk downs beyond, which stretch in noble undulations from Rochester to Maidstone. Below us lies the pretty village of Cuxton, with a small station on the North Kent Railway, whose course, from this point until near Rochester Bridge, is almost parallel with our own. In due time a bold curve sweeps us through the streets of Stroud, and we pass, on the right, Stroud Church; on the left, elevated upon a formidable hill, the church of Frindsbury. Both edifices are sufficiently ugly to merit a glance from the passing traveller, who, happily, will go by at a speed which will render more than a glance impossible. Now we arrive at the Rochester Bridge station, 36½ m. from Victoria: beneath us, the ample Medway; before us, the eyeless keep and quaint cathedral of Rochester; to the right, the narrowing Maidstone Valley; to the left, the squalid streets, fort-crowned hills, and busy dockyard of Chatham. The view from this point is remarkable. 'How solemn,' as Mrs. Radcliffe says, 'the appearance of the castle, with its square, ghastly walls, and their hollow eyes rising over the right bank of the Medway, gray and massive and floorless—nothing remaining but the shell!' Yet every stone

has, so to speak, a voice which speaks in trumpet-tone of a stirring past. Then, the Chatham bank of the river, with its huddling houses and slate-covered dockyard-sheds; the river itself, so beautiful above bridge, with corn-fields and pastures and distant village churches; so black but yet picturesque below bridge, bearing on its bosom yacht and barge, wherry and collier, and winding in and out of muddy flats with sluggish patience; and the gaunt, bare hills of chalk, which spring up on either side, and fence in the four sister towns as if they defied the approach of either friend or foe; surely these are the details of a picture of no ordinary interest!

Rochester was the Romano-British *Durobrivæ* (*dur*, water—as in the Adur, the Douro, the Darent, &c.). Its first Saxon lord is said to have been a certain Hrof, whence Hrofceaster—Rochester. After the Conquest it fell to the lot of Odo of Bayeux, the half-brother of the Conqueror, who stoutly but unsuccessfully defended it, in 1088, against William Rufus. Henry VIII. and Anne of Cleves, Henrietta Maria and Charles I., Queen Elizabeth, James I., and Charles II., have been among the visitors to this ancient town. From hence James II. attempted his escape, on the night of the 23rd of December, 1688.

Its castle, occupying the site of an early Saxon fortress, was built by Odo of Bayeux. It stood a stout siege from King John, in 1217, and from the great Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, in 1264. In the former instance it surrendered; in the latter, the besiegers were beaten off. The keep and portions of the enceinte are all that now remain. These belong to the Earl of Jersey, and are kept in excellent preservation.

The cathedral was founded by Bishop Gundulf, 1077-1107. The nave and N.-E. tower are his handiwork. The chancel and choir-transepts (Early English), were built by Prior William de Hoo, 1239; the south aisle by Richard the Sacristan, 1240; the north aisle by two Benedictine monks, about 1250. The

great central tower of Prior Haymo, 1317-20, was deprived of its spire, repaired, 'restored,' and improved into its present deformity, by Mr. Cottingham, 1825-30. The interior is interesting, and contains some ancient memorials.

One of the 'lions' of Rochester is Richard Watts's Hospital, rendered famous wherever the English language is read by Dickens's story of the 'Seven Poor Travellers.' Poor wayfarers, who are neither *common rogues nor proctors*, may lodge here for one night, receive a gift of fourpence, and a share of a good fire.

We cross the Medway on an iron bridge, 238 yards in length, traverse the streets of Rochester and Chatham, and penetrate the hill crowned by Fort Pitt by a tunnel 425½ yards long. Another but shorter tunnel, 293½ yards, opens upon the Chatham station.

Chatham, 1 m. from Rochester, 37½ m. from Victoria—Chatham, or Costa's ham—is our next pausing-point. Its fortifications and its dockyard, where an iron-clad monster, the 'Achilles,' has been building, are its principal attractions; but in the limits to which we are confined we can take no notice of them. The dockyard was commenced in the reign of Elizabeth, and removed to its present position by Charles I. Through the treasonable negligence of Charles II. and his ministers, it lay in imminent danger of an attack and bombardment by the Dutch fleet in June 1667. The immense system of defences recently constructed, or now in course of construction, will secure it sufficiently from any such peril for the future.

After leaving Chatham we are driven through the Gillingham Tunnel, 895 yards long, to New Brompton (39 m. from Victoria), where inquisitive savants who are interested in the mysteries of barrack-accommodation will find ample materials for research. Our onward course opens up many a pleasant glimpse of the numerous inlets and briny reaches of the Medway—the waters dotted with 'ships in ordinary' and convict-hulks—and the low alluvial flats covered with a rich but coarse vegetation. Nearer

the line, and on each side of it, spread vast tracts of luxuriant orchards, and very beautiful is the scene in early spring, when

'The valley stretching for miles below,
Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just
covered with lightest snow.'

Longfellow.

Occasional patches of garden-ground, and fertile fields of clustering hops, are intermingled, in pleasant variety, with rich pasturing meadows and wide extents of blooming corn; for this is a country of exceeding fertility, whose ample produce largely supplies the great metropolitan markets.

Rainham, 42½ m., is a large agricultural settlement, with a church of goodly dimensions, and some pleasant Kentish cottages as its principal attractions. In the church two curious memorials to George Tufton, d. 1670, and Nicholas Tufton, Earl of Thanet, d. 1679, should not be passed over without investigation. At Upchurch, about 1½ m. beyond, have been discovered the *vestigia* of some extensive Roman potteries.

Continuing our route we pass, at ½ m. from Rainham, near Newington, the capital, as it were, of a large country of cherry-gardens. Its church, a good specimen of the Early Decorated style, boasts of nave, chancel, transept, north and south aisles, and square western tower. To the right of the railway lies Hartlip, another famous cherry-settlement.

At 48 m. from Victoria we reach Sittingbourne, where a branch line strikes off on the left, crosses the Swale on a formidable iron swing-bridge, and penetrates to Sheerness, 7½ m. Sittingbourne has all the appearance of a thriving and money-making town, and strangely combines in its fugitive population the naval and rural elements—sailors and marines from Sheerness, and farmers and farm-labourers from the surrounding villages. In the days of the Canterbury pilgrimages, 'Sidenbourne' was the intermediate halting-place of the votaries of St. Thomas à Becket. The German chronicler, by the way, who relates the Emperor Sigismund's visit in 1417, mutilates the name into Sign-

potz! Here Theobald, the Shakspearian commentator — the 'piddling Tibbald' of Pope's 'Dunciad' — was born. At the 'Red Lion' Henry V. was magnificently entertained on his return from Agincourt's glorious field; and at 'the George,' an hotel which has ceased to exist, George I. and George II. were accustomed to pause for refreshment on their way to their beloved Hanover.

Three miles further, and we arrive at the Teynham station, 51½ m. from Victoria, the early home of the Kentish cherry. Probably the field-cherry (*Prunus avium*) is a native of the country, and the cherry introduced by the Romans was the *Prunus cerasus*, which flourishes so widely on the green, warm slopes of the Southern Caucasus. At all events, the quality and supply of the fruit had both fallen off, when Richard Hareys, 'fruiterer to Henry VIII.,' restored its vigour and revived its popularity by introducing some new grafts from Flanders. At Teynham he planted about 105 acres, and from thence supplied almost all the orchards of Kent. Fuller was an enthusiastic amateur of cherries. 'No English fruit is dearer,' he says, 'than these at first, cheaper at last, pleasanter at all times; nor is it less wholesome than delicious. And it is much that, of so many feeding so freely on them, so few are found to surfeit.' In Lambard's time the thirty-one parishes extending from Rainham to the Blean, formed 'the cherry-garden and apple-orchard of Kent.'

At 55½ m. from Victoria we reach Faversham, where we quit the main line, and, changing carriages, adopt the new extension, which eventually will strike along the coast to Ramsgate, but is now opened for traffic no farther than Herne Bay. While we wait for the Herne Bay train, a ramble through Faversham will amuse us.

The 'King's little town of Fefresham' is one of the limbs or members of the Cinque Port of Dover. About 1147 a Cluniac abbey was founded here by King Stephen and his queen Maud (not to be con-

founded with the Empress Maud, or Matilda). In the abbey church were buried King Stephen himself and his son Eustace, Count of Boulogne. Its site and lands passed, at the Dissolution, to Sir Thomas Cheney, Warden of the Cinque Ports, who, six years afterwards, alienated them to the hapless hero of the semi-or pseudo-Shakspearian tragedy, 'Arden of Faversham,' who was murdered in his own house by his wife Alice and her paramour, 'a black, swart serving-man,' named Mosbie, on Sunday evening, February 15, 1551. The details are told with graphic simplicity by the chronicler Holinshed.

Faversham has had many royal visitors: Mary Tudor, sister of Henry VIII., in 1515; Henry VIII. and the Emperor Charles V. in 1522; Queen Elizabeth in 1573; and Charles II. in 1660. When, after his abdication, James II. attempted to escape from England in a small vessel lying at Shellness, and much to the annoyance of his grave son-in-law, William of Orange, was officiously captured by some loyal fishermen, it was to Faversham they removed him, confining him first at the 'Queen's Arms,' and afterwards in the mayor's house.

In the church, carefully restored some years ago by Mr. G. G. Scott, the details of interest are numerous. Observe the rude Early English frescoes which cover the first column on the east side; the stalls in the chancel, once occupied by the Cluniac monks; the sedilia, piscina, and brasses; and the east window, filled with richly-painted glass, by Mr. Willement.

'The Swan, a hostelry of no great repute,' says Black's 'Guide to Kent,' 'has an interesting legendary association. SS. Crispin and Crispina fled into Great Britain when the persecution raged at Rome under Maximin, "and came and dwelt at Faversham, where they learned to make shoes for a livelihood, and followed that trade for some time at a house in Preston Street, near the Crosse Well, now the sign of the Swan." Pilgrimages were made to the Swan by devout shoemakers and

cobblers even after the Reformation, and cups of ale were quaffed to the memory of the patron saints of Faversham. Their festival, the anniversary of glorious Agincourt, was always right honorably celebrated, and "Crispin's day did ne'er go by" without the remembrance of "flowing cups."

And now, *hey presto* for Whitstable (6½ m. from Victoria).

Be it known unto all whom it may concern that the Oyster (*ostrea*) is a genus of the class and order *Vermes testacea*, and that the said genus includes no less than 136 species, rejoicing in such appellations as *Ostrea Maxima*, *O. Sacobea*, *O. Ziozac*, *O. Striatula*, *O. Minuta*, *O. Pleuronectes*, *O. Laurentii*, *O. Saponica*, *O. Magellanica*, *O. Imbricata*, *O. Subrotunda*, *O. Sinuosa*, *O. Sanguinolenta*, *O. Sulphurea*, and *O. Tigerrina*, to say nothing of *O. Edulis*, the common oyster. Fancy a 'gent' (if such a being still exists) asking, in one of the London oyster-rooms, for a dozen of sulphureous or tiger-like oysters! Fancy also, if you please, the astonished stare of the white-necktied waiter upon receiving the said order! The green oyster, called by the Dutch, in true Dutch syllables, 'Groenbaardjes,' or 'green beards,' much eaten at Paris, is a native of Dieppe, and derives its colour, we are told, from—pah! —the stagnant water in which it is bred. Illyrian oysters are brown as to shell, but black as to the fish in the shell; wherefore Illyrian oysters will never figure at our table. In the Red Sea oysters are found with shells delicately rainbowed; on the Spanish coast they are commonly red or russet.

The great enemy of the oyster, next to the dredger, is a peculiar eel-like fish, which at Heligoland is called *nugogen*, or the nine-eyed, but it is more generally known as the 'five-fingered,' or 'star-fish.' It is said to eat its way into the shell where the oyster lies coiled up in fancied security, and occasionally opening its mouth to devour an incautious animalcule; whence the English fishermen are always quick to destroy any unlucky depredator that falls into their nets.

The French, of course, claim everything good as of French origin. Marlborough was a French general, because he passed a year or two at a French military school. It will surprise no one, therefore, to learn that the French declare our British oysters were originally fished up in Cancale Bay, near St. Malo, and thence transported to the English coast. But the oysters of Albion were among the delicacies that crowded the tables of the wealthiest Roman epicures, and their superior flavour was held in high esteem.

* *Rutupineve edita fundo*

Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu.

Juvenal.

They formed the *pièce de résistance* at many a Roman banquet, and were among the delicate attentions with which a wealthy Lucullus would charm a fair Aglaia. It was one Sergius Arata who, in the days of Lucius Crassus Consul, first introduced 'stews' or preserving ponds for oysters. Happy thought! Sublime invention! How different the flavour of the crustacean newly 'served up' from its briny habitat to the said crustacean weakened and enfeebled by too prolonged an absence from its natural element!

Our British monks loved fish, and, loving fish, loved oysters. The fisheries of Milton belonged to the abbots of Faversham, upon whose well-stocked boards the genuine 'natural'—the small delicate *ostrea* which are still the 'Upper Ten Thousand' of Oysterdom—constantly appeared. Nor were they less approved of by the laity, as many a quaint allusion in the pages of poet and dramatist vividly evidences. The business of selling them in the streets was chiefly, if not altogether, confined to women during the Elizabethan period, and even to a very recent date. Shakspeare shows in how little repute these female vendors were held. Think of the meanness of the man who can salute such an one—

'Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench'

And Bishop Hall, in his 'Satires,' exclaims—

'Who can despair to see another thrive
By loan of sixpence to an oyster-wife?'

An attempt was made, *tempore Caroli Secundi*, to render the oyster-shell profitable as a pharmaceutical preparation. Here is Homberg's recipe, as preserved by Bishop Sprat, in his 'History of the Royal Society':—'Take the hollow shells of the oysters, throwing away the flat ones as not so good; wash them perfectly clean, and then lay them to dry in the sun. When they appear dry, beat them to pieces in a marble mortar; they will then be found to contain yet a large quantity of moisture. Lay them again in the sun till perfectly dried, and then finish the powdering them, and sift the powder through a fine sieve. Give twenty or thirty grains of this powder every morning, and continue it three weeks or a month.' Here is a new natural medicine which we respectfully commend to the attention of Professor Holloway, or the British College of Health. Meanwhile, until its efficacy has been convincingly illustrated by at least a score of genuine testimonials, we shall do as we have always done—eat the oyster, and throw away the shell!

The breeding-season of the oyster is generally supposed to be the month of August. Leuwenhoeck, who had a fine eye for the minutiae of things, opened a female oyster on a certain 4th of August, and discovered a multitude of infant oysters swimming about in the liquor in the shell. He says that 120 of these *oystercules*, if placed in a row, would not extend above one inch; and a globular body, one inch in diameter, will fairly represent to you the size of the mass formed by 1,728,000 of them! The spawn, or *spat*, is cast in May, and in twenty-four hours is enveloped in its shell-armour. This spat gladly adheres to any substance it falls in with, such as pieces of wood, stone, &c., which are termed, in the language of the oyster-fisher, *cultch*. 'After the month of May it is felony to carry away the cultch, and punishable to take any other oysters except those of the size of half-a-crown piece, or such as, when the two shells are shut, will admit of a shilling to rattle between them.' Hence the popular saying, that

oysters should not be eaten in the months whose names are wanting in the letter *r*—that is, in May, June, July, and August. Still oysters are now sold 'all the year round,' being chiefly supplied, in the summer, from the immense beds which occupy in the Mid-Channel a space of forty miles, extending from Shoreham to Havre.

Great pains are taken by the oyster companies to improve the quality, and maintain the quantity, of their 'beds.' For this purpose the 'spat' is often brought from a considerable distance. It remains three years in its bed before it is looked upon as fit for the table. The oysters bred on the Kentish coast are much improved in flavour, it is said, by the rush of fresh water which comes down from the Thames and the Medway.

The largest of the Kentish oyster-beds lie off Whitstable, and between Whitstable and Sheerness. They mostly belong to different 'companies,' or 'guilds of oyster-dredgers,' who are governed by an immutable code of laws, and work upon the principle of co-partnery. Nevertheless, some large beds belong to private growers—notably to Mr. Allston, who is the very Rothschild of oyster-fishers, and sends to London annually, from his 'farm' at Cheyney Rock, between 45,000 and 50,000 bushels. Of the companies there are nine or ten at Sheerness, Whitstable, and Margate. Their profits are said to be very large, and they maintain, as the visitor to Whitstable will readily perceive, a perfect *fleet* of dredging-boats.

Apart from its oyster fisheries there is little in Whitstable to attract the tourist. It has a very ancient and fish-like smell about it, and its streets are pervaded by men attired in that rough semi-nautical costume peculiar to dredgers and celliers. For Canterbury and the central districts of Kent it is a famous coal depôt, and its little bay is usually well filled with coal-ships from the North. The streets are neither wide nor handsome, nor are there many good houses visible. The 'East Kent' is a decent little inn, and farther down the High

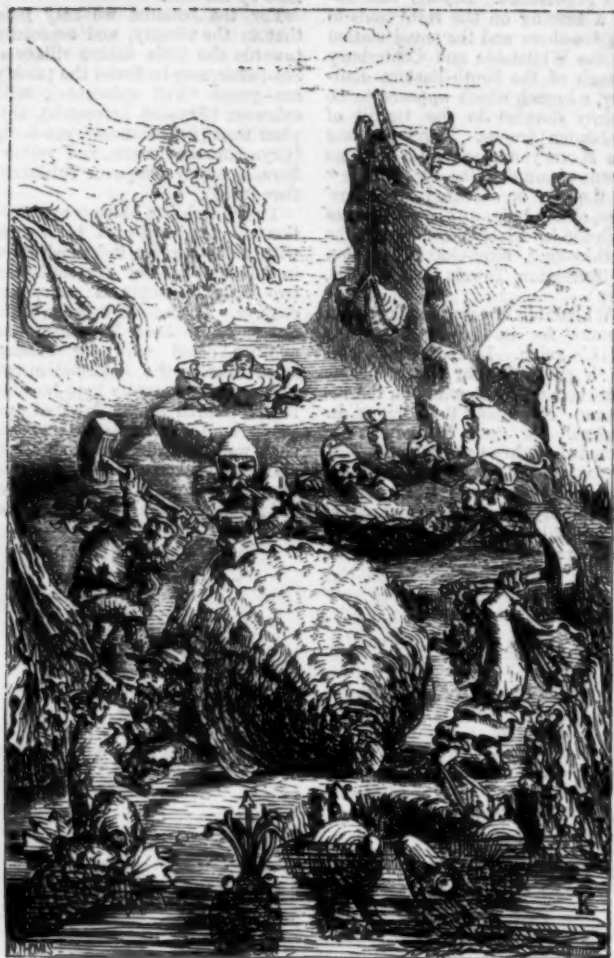
Street stands an hotel of considerable pretensions. Beyond that hotel a turning on the right leads to the sea-shore and the small station on the Whitstable and Canterbury branch of the South-Eastern Railway, a branch which appears to be mainly devoted to the transit of coal-laden trucks. Keeping along the shore you reach, after a by no means pleasant walk—for your view of the sea is obscured by sailors' inns, sheds, huts, and small houses with the invariable green doors—the well-looking, semi-Gothic mansion of Tankerton Towers (Wynn Ellis, Esq.).

Whitstable appears to have been famous for its fishery in Henry VIII.'s reign. Leland speaks of it as 'a great fisschar towne' of one paroche, and yt stondeth on the se-shore. Ther about they dragge for oysters.' In 1565 its population included eighty-two oyster-fishers. Topographical Dryasdust, recording these and other memorabilia for the edification of posterity, states that in December, 1761, a sea-eel, 6 feet long, 20 inches in circumference,

and 30 lbs. in weight, was stranded here by the tide.

For the botanist we may note that in the vicinity, and especially towards the little fishing village of Sea-Salter, may be found the prickly sea-grape (*Kali spinosum*), wild colewort (*Brassica sylvestris*), sulphur wort (*pencedanum*), sea-holly (*Cryngium maximum*), and yellow-horned poppy (*Papaver cornutum flore luteo*).

The church is a hideous combination of stonework and brickwork, with a low, square, deformed tower in the worst kind of Perpendicular, two ugly transepts, a nave, and chancel. It contains a brass, without date, for Joan Meadman, and another, dated 1440, for Thomas Bird. Before the Reformation two lights were constantly kept burning in the church at the cost of two pious landed proprietors, whence they were named the Strode light and the Tankerton light; and the choir was adorned with an image of All Saints, to whom the church was dedicated.



AN OYSTER-BED.

Drawn by Edward J. Kentre.

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